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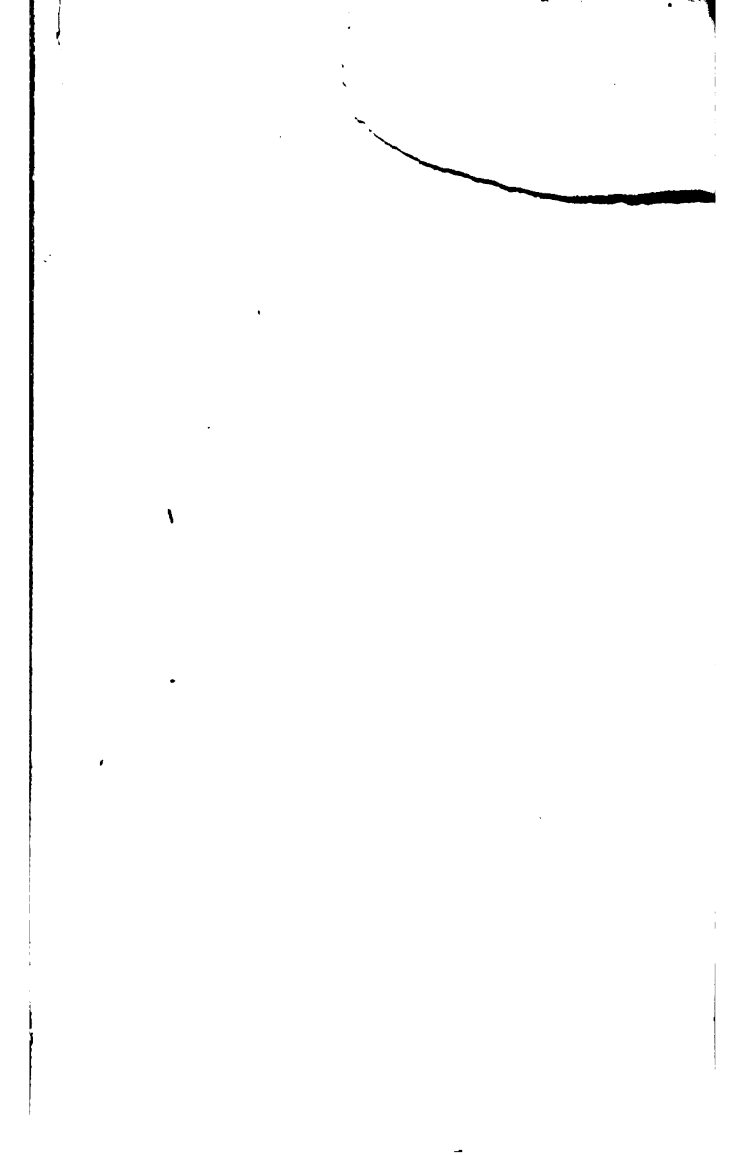
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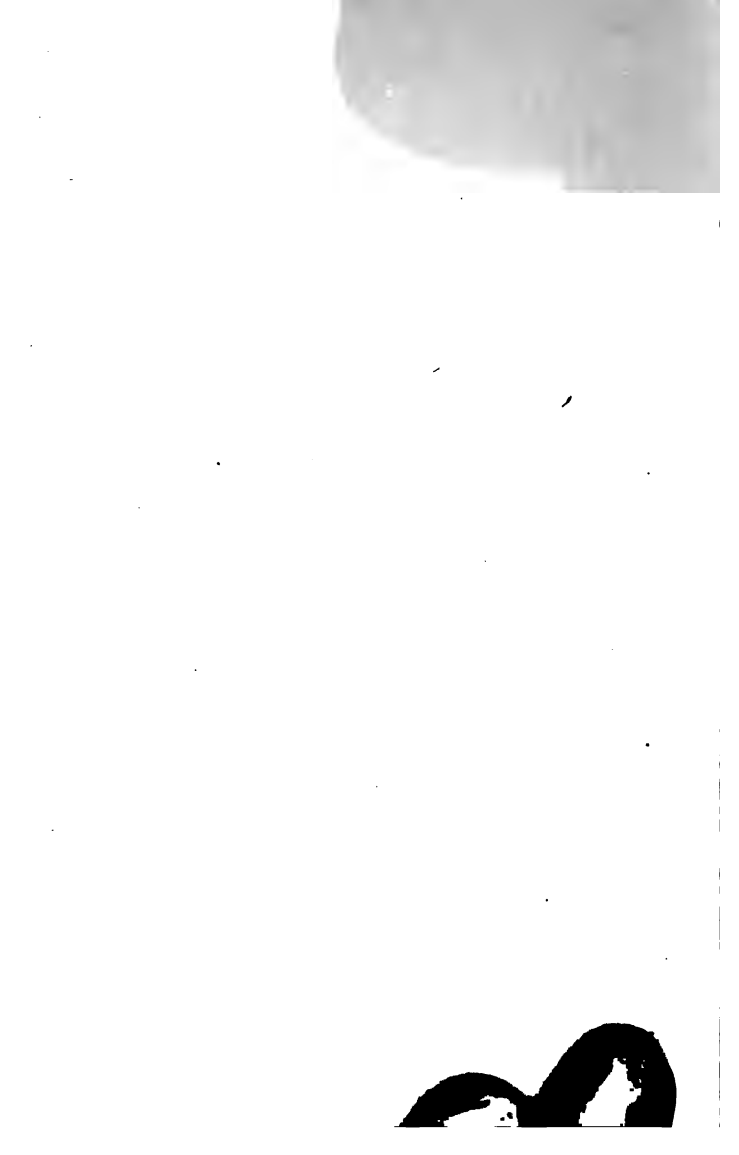
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THE

VIES AND FORK





THE
KNIFE AND FORK

FOR
1849.

LAI D BY THE "ALDERMAN."

FOUNDED ON THE CULINARY PRINCIPLES ADVOCATED BY

A. SOYER,

UDE, SAVARIN, AND OTHER CELEBRATED PROFESSORS.

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*With Fourteen choice Cuts by Kenny Meadows.*  
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LONDON :
H HURST, 27, KING WILLIAM STREET,
CHARING CROSS.

1849.

MYERS & CO., PRINTERS,
16, HART STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

DEDICATION.

TO THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

ENLIGHTENED EPICURES,

It is with a satisfaction of the liveliest kind that I approach you with my *Knife and Fork*, feeling assured that you will greet with warmth any work bearing upon a subject of such deep national import as that of gastronomy. I am proud to testify thus publicly to your talents as epicures, and your appetites as citizens. You are no ordinary men—you are men of enlarged stomachs and discerning palates. If you were one and all born with silver spoons in your worshipful mouths, let me assure the world that there was something in the spoons, for you are incapable of putting an empty spoon between your lips. It would be presumptuous in me to endeavour to set before the world your gastronomic virtues and acquirements; such a theme demands anabler pen than mine. I shall therefore be silent on the subject of your several talents as epicures, and content myself with a few words of counsel on the subject of gastronomy as a science. Art and literature have had

their day, and must now succumb to the growing and absorbing demand for a gastronomic era. Men without appetite, with stomachs no larger than a Ripstone pippin, may rail against gastronomy, may sneer at epicures, but let me assure them it is in vain that they raise their pulling voices and wield their powerless pens in opposition to the progress of gastronomic science. In the age to come, let me tell them, a gentleman will not be known by the fashion of his dress, but by the capacity of his stomach; but they are sensible of this dawning enlightenment, and shrink from it by reason of their own gastronomic incapacity. Meanwhile they pretend to hold epicureanism as a vice, against which wisdom should lift a loud and imperative remonstrance. Miserable device! As well might the sickliest infant attempt to stay the torrents of Niagara, or with ignorant hardihood oppose the progress of a special engine! No, gentlemen, in spite of this miserable and spiteful invective, you will live to watch the resistless progress of a science in which you have already, and indeed for years past, taken such enthusiastic interest. Your fame, as epicures, extends from pole to pole; and so universal and instinctive is the knowledge of your love of turtle, that, if report speak truly, the fishermen have only to shout your names on the sea beach to attract an army of turtles all ready to turn themselves on their backs, without assistance

and to die, singing after their own fashion, ourselves) are jolly good fellows!" I am sure for the truth of this story, be it observed, from the universality of your popularity, I do not wish to dispute its authenticity. Abroad, you are known as "The Turtle's best Friend!" In Paris, epitomized by your name with the greatest respect, and I would declare that you must be the jolliest fellow under the sun. A few people without exception presume at intervals to talk largely and at length of the Abuses of the City, but I am proud of you; you pay little heed to their croaking, and with a pertinacity which I cannot too earnestly commend, you allow the Sanitary Act to extend to the City. You are quite right; the City is in your hands, and you have a right to do as you please with it. True, the filth in the purlieus of your realm may affect the health of the lower classes, but what has this to do with you, as long as all nuisances are removed from the neighborhood of the Mansion House, Guildhall, and your respective places of business: besides, if people object to the filth (which in my opinion exists only in the imagination of the genius of the sewers), let them remove—it is not for you to travel beyond Temple Bar.

In the November part of my *Knife and Fork* you will find several hints on the improvement of your annual

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DEDICATION.

banquet, which I should advise you to pledge all future Lord Mayors to before you gave them your support. I attach so much importance to your advocacy of gastronomy, I am so anxious that each succeeding year may bring forth the fruits of the good living of the preceding year, that I have determined to devote what space of life may remain to me to the advancement of the epicure in the social scale, and to the dissemination of sound gastronomic principles. In such a task, I am confident that I may reckon upon your firm and enlightened support: and in conclusion, I must be allowed to express a hope that the most worshipful Corporation of London may increase in rotundity, and endeavour, with all the influence they may possess, to uphold as one of the surest and most enlightened safeguards of the British Constitution, and in fact of all constitutions—namely—the provision of plenty of victuals, and the diffusion of the knowledge how to cook them in a manner worthy of the age in which we live to eat.

I am,

With every sentiment of profound admiration,

Your obedient servant,

THE ALDERMAN.

P.S.—I hear that you are about to present Soyer with a magnificent testimonial: is this true?



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JANUARY.



THE ALDERMAN'S

ENTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE STUDENT'S GENERAL CONDUCT.

THAT posterity may be perfectly satisfied upon a most important point, I at once declare that I was born at a place, of honest, and, I need scarcely add, poor parents. I was removed to London at an early age, and thrown upon my own resources before I had completed my nineteenth year; and in revenge for this early independence, I threw myself upon the resources of my family. A man who writes about himself, must either

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be egotistical or allow his narrative to be barren of interest ; and as it is my purpose to please and edify my fellow-creatures, I shall put my stock of modesty in my waistcoat pocket—(a watch-fob would hold it)—and proceed with the interesting history of my experiences.

My name is—not Norval ; and I am one of an old family. In my youth I was prodigiously handsome, and could talk more flowery nonsense to women, in a given time, than most young men. Compliments trickled from my tongue like oil, and I was therefore a desirable ornament in my friends' drawing-rooms. If the world be desirous of knowing the nature of my profession, I will tell them at once that it was—to flatter. I studied the characters of my friends, and kept memoranda of their weaknesses. I vowed that ugly children were wonderfully handsome. I discovered some palatable flavour in the most disgusting soup, and humoured the hobbies of family men generally. I did not devote much time to bachelors, inasmuch as I soon discovered that their friendship was unprofitable ; I rather confined the exercise of my talents to the gentlemen who kept up establishments.

My friends in Lincoln, on my leaving, favoured me with a letter of introduction to the Sudds' family ; and on the day after my arrival in London, I made use of the epistle. The Sudds' were not an aristocratic set : they were just genteel. They were people who offered you malt liquor when you paid them a matutinal visit, and who uncorked a bottle of wine in the parlour after dinner. They never used a dessert service, but flung the rind of the after-dinner oranges into the fire. The Sudds' had an idea that a glass of champagne raised the imbiber

thereof to the level of fashionable society, and that any body who had penetrated within the fairy regions of the Opera must be removed far above the merely genteel circles of society. These notions upon the subject of aristocratic position contributed to raise me in their estimation, inasmuch as I talked with affected disdain of champagne, and voted the Opera a bore. When I mentioned my passing acquaintance with Sir Rasper Rump-ton, they at once set me down as a somebody, and talked about me to their friends as "a distinguished traveller." I did not undeceive them, poor people! Their pride in receiving a person whom they considered to be "a distinguished individual," contributed to their enjoyment, as it did to the recipient of their hospitality. My acquaintance with Sir Rasper cannot be called intimate, inasmuch as we had merely interchanged such civilities as passing and repassing condiments at an agricultural dinner-table; but, as I have already said, what was the object to be gained in robbing the Sudds' of the importance which they conceived that they had derived from their acquaintance with me.

The parent Sudds' had contributed four girls towards the population of their native land—donations which, to the disgust of the Sudds', an ungrateful country had not so much as acknowledged. At the time of my introduction to the family, the eldest of these productions was in her seventeenth year. She was not, I regret to state, for her sake, at all to my taste. She was too homely—smelt too strongly of bread and butter—was so deucedly simple. However, of course she took to me wonderfully (all girls do), and the mother regarded her daughter's preference

with infinite delight. Little did the old bird know of my real opinion upon the subject of matrimony; and as I do not intend to inflict my opinion upon my fellow-creatures, they will share the blissful ignorance of the lady in question on this point; but this much I will avow—I hated monopoly as a principle, and consequently objected to monopolize myself.

The Sudds' gave me frequent and pressing invitations to dinner, of which I seldom failed to avail myself. In return for this hospitality (which I found extremely convenient at the time, inasmuch as I had been sent to London with £50, and strict injunctions to "rough it"), and in the hope of invites to come, I talked to old Sudds upon state affairs, of which I knew little and he less; and we were consequently very tenacious of our respective opinions, though I always seemed to give way while I held fast; and we dined the Ministry regularly after dinner, when the ladies had retired into the back parlour. Sudds called himself an architect; but really, for architect I must write house agent, inasmuch as his office windows were crowded with narrow slips of paper, advertising commodious and commanding mansions and houses in town and country; but I never saw a building after his design—if I except a wash-house, the roof of which was just visible from his back parlour window.

Sudds, in his way, was an enthusiastic politician, and, like all politicians in private life, wholly averse to the measures contemplated by the Government in office. His professed opinions were Radical; but he abused the Liberal party as vehemently as he denounced the Oppo-

sition; in fact, it sufficed that a man was in power to fall under the severe disapprobation of Sudds. The secret of this disappointment was Sudds's sourness. The little conceited fellow really and truly believed that he—John Sudds, of Nobby Row, Brixton—was, of all men, the best fitted to fill the position of Prime Minister in this enlightened and magnificent country. I have heard fifty men of ordinary calibre open an argument with—"If I were at the head of affairs!" or, "Give me six month's office, and I would undertake to raise the country to an unparalleled state of prosperity!" Alas! for the self-sufficiency of man! I found that it was absolutely necessary to my continuance in Sudds's favour, that I should humour his egotistical visions. What must not a friendless epicure endure! Mrs. Sudds considered her lord and master in the light of a victim of a world-wide conspiracy. "Every thing and every body are against John," would she say, when he had failed in his endeavours to let a town mansion. "John isn't appreciated—John might have been a great man." I was fond of Mrs. Sudds's light crusts, and prudently coincided with her in the belief that her husband *might have been* a great man. The Suddian dinners were scarcely worth this wholesale deceit, it is true; but at the time of which I write, I had few tables open to me, and was glad to use the Sudds' till a better field for the display of my talents should present itself. The sticky caresses of a sweet-meat-sucking child were among the miseries I endured in the Suddian establishment. This little monster was called Cissy. The little wretch would sometimes plant its bandy legs upon my kerseymeres, pull my macassared

locks, or pinch my nose; its delighted mother vowing the while that she was sure the little dear was getting troublesome—I re-assuring her, for the fiftieth time, that nothing pleased me so much as romping with children. When I call to mind all I endured at the hands of the Sudds', I must say I consider that I fully earned my meals at their plebeian table. The love of the eldest Miss Sudds; the complaints of Mrs. Sudds; the politics of Mr. Sudds; and the mawlings of Cissy Sudds!—ugh! I would not endure this Suddian treatment again for an entrée to all the palaces in Europe.

The man who aims to be a first-rate epicure, and to enjoy his talents, must submit to many most unpleasant ordeals. Perhaps the first will be to conquer the betrayal of a violent dislike for any dish on the table. This is no easy task, let me assure the student. To swallow a disgusting mouthful with a smile is an accomplishment indispensable to the adequate fulfilment of the vocation of an epicure. Dr. Johnson betrayed his ignorance of the epicure's vocation, when, dining at the royal table, he cast back a hot mouthful into his plate, saying, "A fool would have swallowed it." With due deference to the wisdom of the Doctor, I am of opinion that, on the contrary, a wise man would have swallowed it, inasmuch as I believe this mastery over the palate to be one of the fundamental principles upon which a permanent popularity must be based. Here I must be permitted to observe (or it may escape me presently) that the student should preface a flat contradiction thus, "With all due deference to you, Mr. —, I must beg to differ from you *in toto*." There is a great art in contradicting with-

out giving offence—an art with which the epicure (to be worthy of the name) should be conversant.

I have alluded to the suppression of any evidence of dislike at dinner. I will now state a case in point.

One day the Sudds' invited me to Sunday dinner, at two o'clock, assuring me, by way of inducement, that I should take them as I found them; and that they expected a few friends to drop in in the evening. I treated them to a snow-white waistcoat, a clean handkerchief, cleaned gloves, and knocked at the street door precisely as a neighbouring clock struck two. I entered and found the family assembled in the back parlour, all as clean and white as new sixpences. I hate the Sunday appearance of respectable British families, they do look so uncomfortably clean, as though they had been washed and ironed. Children especially are to be pitied—poor creatures! they scarcely know how to support the dignity of cleanliness, and are evidently longing for congenial dirt; they look upon soap as their natural enemy, and have an hereditary aversion for the Saturday tub.

The junior Sudds' were well-washed specimens of growing humanity. The layers of barley sugar had been removed from Miss Cissy's cheeks, and her face was consequently less like court plaister than usual. The elder Miss Sudds eyed my waistcoat with undisguised astonishment, and evidently wondered whether I was a distinguished nobleman in disguise. Old Sudds presently intimated with a chuckle, that he had been a splendid salad-maker from his cradle, and that the fourth cousin of Duke Doubleup (whom he had met at a friend's) once vowed that his (Mr. Sudds's) salads were perfection. Pre-

sently Mrs. Sudds's head appeared between the folding doors, and the lady asked if she might speak with her lord and master, a liberty which the good natured Sudds endured.

"Now for the salad," he said aside to me, and he disappeared into the front parlour. I was thus left in the back room to amuse the daughters, a task in which I made myself exceedingly proficient, if I may put forth the smiles and blushes of the elder girl as a criterion of my success. At intervals, smothered demands for cayenne proceeded from the next room, and I distinctly heard the egg called "d—d soft," and the host spared no oaths when he discovered that there was no anchovy sauce in the house; and these vehement ejaculations were remarked upon by Mrs. Sudds, who begged her peppery partner to remember that I was in the back room—delicate woman! It was in vain that the Miss Sudds endeavoured to drown these connubial bickerings—nothing could render the thorough bass of Mr. Sudds's lungs inaudible, and when they had given up the attempt, they looked wistfully at one another, and the mute eloquence of their eyes said, "What *will* he think?" I know what he *did* think, and that was, that family men who throw their soul into a salad, should humour their vanity before the arrival of their guests. However, I managed to control the voracity of my appetite; and even contrived to pay Mrs. Sudds a compliment, as I handed her into the front parlour from the back ditto. And now the covers were removed, and Mr. Sudds's knife was firmly embedded in the joint; the ladies were served: Miss Sudds vowed that it was unromantic, but

that she could not resist papa's salad; whereupon the fond paternal parent smiled benignly upon his child, and I filled that young lady's plate with the mixture. She introduced a portion of the green meat into her mouth, and stopped short, with a wondrously confused expression upon her face, looking first at her mother (who made violent gestures, beckoning the girl to proceed with her meal), then at her sister, and finally the poor girl demanded a glass of water; I obeyed her demand with my usual alacrity, and she then resumed her dinner, but I noticed that she never again ventured to touch the salad. Presently I tasted Mr. Sudds's preparation, when, to my horror, I discovered that he had mixed his salad with lamp instead of salad oil. Twenty years have elapsed since the occurrence of this incident, and to this day I have not conquered the intense nausea which that mouthful produced. I never remember the time without a qualm; but I flatter myself that I managed to conceal my disgust with perfect success, and even faltered some syllables in praise of the old gentleman's detestable compound. It was a study for an artist, to watch the features of mine host as he partook of his salad. One taste of it sufficed; he declared thereupon he had no appetite. But when the servant entered the room, I noticed that old Sudds hurled a look of the bitterest indignation at his domestic, portentous of an approaching storm. She met his gaze with a timid glance, deposited a spring tart upon the table, and left us to our own reflections and to rhubarb.

ON BEEF.

"Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
When humour sparkles from the wine."

ANACREON.

JANUARY is, to the epicure, perhaps, the most important month in the calendar. It is the first month of the new year—the time of universal festivity—a brief period given up to the pleasures of the table. It is, therefore, a period devoted to social intercourse—to the exercise of those sympathies which bind society and refine it. The beginning of the new year is an epoch when family enmities and jealousies are forgotten—when the hands of friends long estranged are once more grasped with fervour—when the social world publishes a general amnesty. And to what cause must this general kindness—this human thaw—be attributed? simply to the festivities of which it is the occasion. To the cakes and wine—to the prize-beef and mince pies—to the boasted plum-pudding and congenial turkey! Anatomists may laugh, if they will, but I here deliberately declare it to be my firm conviction, that the seat of the human soul is the stomach.

Have we not daily proof of this assertion—at the London Tavern?

"The Society for the Charitable Education of the

Children of the Rich," have but the smallest balance at their bankers; and they feel it is useless to appeal to a British public through the columns of a Newspaper. John Bull will not unbutton his pockets before dinner; and, as he reads his paper over his matutinal roll, an advertisement therein, appealing "to the Benevolent," will go for nothing. I have lived long enough in the world to know that Charity should not be painted with an empty stomach. As I have said, the Committee of the above Society, feeling that it would be more than fruitless to appeal to the charity of John Bull, before dinner, resolve to have a feast at the London Tavern. They accordingly advertise "a Festival, in aid of the Funds of this excellent Charity, His Royal Highness of Cambridge in the Chair." And, forthwith, Joshua Stiles, who has a good name on Change, but who is not remarkable for his charitable disposition—and hundreds of the stamp of Joshua Stiles—take tickets, that they may swallow turtle in the presence of the blood Royal of England. But Stiles and Co. have no intention of being mulcted of one halfpenny in support of the charity: no, no; they will dine, and conscientiously pay their guinea for the feed—and they will, moreover, do justice to the London Tavern cook—but not one groat will they waste on the Society. What's the Society to them? they support their own children. Well, in this state of mind, the company partake of the fare placed before them; and, presently, the Chairman rises to propose a health, which he is sure he need only briefly introduce—nay, which he need but mention, to ensure it that respect and that reception which the Citizens

always accorded to the Sovereign of these realms. Whereupon, Messrs. Stiles and Co. grow very loyal, and very enthusiastic; each man receiving the general compliment, as a recognition of his own individual loyalty. Messrs. Stiles and Co. are flattered. Presently, the Secretary of the Society distributes little printed forms about the tables. Messrs. Stiles and Co. feel that they *must* subscribe. The Chairman rises to propose success and prosperity to the "Society for the Charitable Education of the Children of the Rich." 'He is certain that the advantages of such an admirable institution need no comment on his part. He is perfectly well aware that he is addressing men, whom England is proud to own—viz., her merchant princes; he is also well aware, that for liberality towards Institutions—such as the Society for the Charitable Education of the Children of the Rich—no men stand so high in the estimation of the philanthropists of England!' *Loud Cheers!* Messrs. Stiles and Co. having taken sundry glasses of port, sherry, and champagne, grow warm in the cause of the Society, and send in their subscriptions, each man outdoing his neighbour in the amount of his contribution—and what for? Simply that the Secretary may declare Buggins's munificence to the assembled company, amid the dingling of glasses, and the rattling of knives on the London Tavern mahogany.

We certainly are a wonderfully charitable people! While I am on the subject of public dinners, I may be allowed to add a word or two of caution to their promoters. It should always be borne in mind that the amount of the subscriptions is invariably influenced by

the goodness of the dinner. I have dined at these charitable dinners for years, and know it for a fact, that Institutions have lost many £20 notes by the toughness of a chicken, or the absence of stuffing. On one occasion, I had resolved to contribute the sum of £10 to the funds of "the Society for the Diffusion of Everything Everywhere,"—(by-the-bye, a most excellent and comprehensive institution)—when the equanimity of my temper was ruffled by the toughness of a sirloin of beef—this in January too!—and I resolutely made up my mind not to contribute to an Institution, the promoters of which shewed such callousness to the higher sensibilities of human nature, by allowing a man's epicurean nature to be so trifled with.

The recollection of this mishap, calls my mind to the consideration of the meat which is to be had in perfection in the month of January; and, believe me, reader, it is with a deep sense of the importance of my subject, that I proceed to lay before you a short chapter

ON BEEF.

The French may rival us in the production of veal, they may proudly point to their calves, and defy us to shew anything like them—they may tell us that their Pontoise, Rouen, Caen, and Montargis veals, fed on cream and biscuits, are superior to any in the world, and they shall not be contradicted; but, then they must be equally liberal with us. I consent to leave their calves alone, on one condition, viz., that they admit the vast superiority

of our beef. Some of their Norman beef is very decent meat, but it is not to be compared for a moment with our Norfolk fed Highland ox, or our Herefordshire beef. I am a fair judge in the matter, inasmuch as I have tasted all the meats in question, and I here conscientiously declare, that I never tasted beef in France, at all comparable with that to be found any day at a good butcher's shop in London. The French don't understand beef—that is to say, beef plainly cooked. For instance, if you travel over every acre of the French territory in search of it, you will fail in discovering a steak equal to those to be had any day at the Cock or Job's. This is the month for beef! A fine, thick, juicy steak, is certainly the most grateful nourishment an epicure can take on a cold, raw day in January. Steaks should be eaten directly they are off the fire, and this is the reason why Job's house in the city is such a popular establishment. The fat of the steak should still be hissing and boiling when it is placed before you; add to the steak two fine potatoes, like balls of flour, and a pint of first rate, generous port, and the epicure may make a capital business dinner. I should always recommend epicures who are engaged in business, and cannot afford proper time to do full justice to an elaborate dinner, to choose the simplest dishes, but to insist at the same time upon the employment of a first-rate plain cook. Eating forms so important and so delightful a part of man's life, that he is justified in paying minute and strict attention to the progress of gastronomy. Therefore, when the epicure finds a rump of beef marked down in a bill of fare, he should make inquiries as to the time it has been kept

hanging (from three weeks to a month is the proper time), and on no account venture to partake of it if it have not been kept the right time. The epicure owes this strictness to his fellow epicures, since it will teach landlords to pay regard to the proper management of their kitchens, and so advance the science of gastronomy.

It is useless to descant upon the English sirloin; a dish so widely and justly admired, is the first study of every cook; but I cannot close my chapter on beef, without recommending the gastronomic student to try a first-rate brisket of beef for breakfast; it is capital, especially when served up as Soyer recommends, *à la* Garrick. Hung beef, if well cured, is a good dish on the breakfast table; Westphalia beef also may be ventured upon if procured at a good house.

Some epicures—and I must confess that I am of the number—think well of Dutch beef, which single epicures must have an opportunity of tasting. They can direct their landlady to follow this receipt:

DUTCH BEEF.—Procure the lean part of a round of beef, hang it till it is tender, and then rub it well with coarse brown sugar; place it in a pan, where rub it every hour six several times. After which proceed to mix a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, and an ounce of pounded juniper berries, with a pound of common salt, which rub into the beef, allowing it to remain in the pan. Turn it daily for sixteen days, and baste it with the brine, after which put it in a cheese press during twenty-four hours. Then hang it up to be smoked; finally, boil it in a cloth, allow it to stand afterwards for a day or two, quite dry, and then eat it in thin slices.

This receipt may possibly frighten the gastronomic student; but here let me impress upon him, as a duty which he owes to society at large, the necessity of insisting upon proper attention being paid to culinary matters, before he takes lodgings. At first his landlady will venture to remark that Dutch beef is very troublesome to make; but let him at once rebuke the callousness to his comforts in the words of a celebrated man, who, when his servant informed him, before his guests, that there was no more soup, assumed an air of ineffable disdain, saying "No more soup! *Let there be more soup!*"

It now remains for me to say a few more words on the more scientific methods of cooking this most excellent and invigorating viand. Though beef is the most popular of all meats in England, M. Soyer has found that it admits of less methods of preparation than any other viand; inasmuch as only the fillet can be used for made-dishes with advantage. But, though the entrées of beef are few, they are great favorites with all the celebrated epicures, and the student would do well to make himself thoroughly acquainted with them. I presume that the veriest novice has enjoyed a fillet of beef, with tomata sauce (and a most delicate dish it is by the way), with sauce piquante (not so good as the tomata); well, I now recommend him to try fillets à la Italienne, and à la Hollandaise, and à la Portugaise, and à l' Ostende, he will find them well worth his attention. Soyer gives ample recipes for fillets à la Reform, à la Gotha, and à la Nemours, and they are indeed worthy of the epicure's patronage, but I fear that the student will have some trouble in persuading the

hosts of our West End Restaurants to prepare these new delicacies; but time and the progress of civilization will accomplish these desirable ends. Meantime, I will content myself with enumerating the chief delicacies into which science has turned the prime beef of England; and trusting in the energy of the gastronomic students of the present day (a plump and happy band, with the true spirit of enjoyment in them) to insist upon having these delicacies (and if the host plead ignorant, refer him to Soyer's Regenerator) in their bills of fare.

Tongue, à la Jardinière, à la Ecarlate, à la sauce piquante.

Ox Tail—Aux navets au brun, à la Jardinière, aux corin chons, en currie, à la Sicilienne, à la Marseillaise. Palates—à la Ravigote, à la Vivandière, au gratin, en Papillotes.



ON MUSHROOMS.

To preserve mushrooms they should be boiled in very salt-water with pepper. Properly done, they will keep six months; they are always preserved in this manner at Vienna. Mushrooms served up with cream form a dish by no means beneath the notice of the epicure; some people esteem them fried or toasted, and served up on dry toast; in the spring, I should not object to such a trifle now and then. Mushrooms, however, are best disguised in dishes; as a flavour to a fricasée, or a ragout, they are certainly pleasant. Let cooks, however, be extremely particular in their examination of mushrooms; for I think all epicures will agree with me, in condemning toadstools as somewhat unpleasant and dangerous eating.



ADULTERATION OF KIRCHENWASSER.

ABOUT sixty years ago, a fragrant and delightful brandy was first distilled from a small tart cherry, called merises, a fruit peculiar in the Black Forest. The merise is a scarce tree, producing but the smallest quantity of fruit, and will flourish but under the warmest sun: in fact the merise is a fruit particularly scarce and small. Well, the brandy distilled from the merise was called Kirchenwasser; and speedily became so esteemed among epicures, that it was found needful to fabricate some fraudulent imitation of it; hence the comparative cheapness of a mixture now received everywhere as Kirchenwasser, a concoction in no way comparable with the distilled merises, of which it is a base imitation. It is absolutely impossible (from the scarcity of merises) to produce, in an honest way, one tenth of the quantity of the stuff sold as Kirchenwasser. The delicacy of the plant makes it so sensitive to the least cold, that a chilly night will utterly destroy its blossoms; in fact, it does not produce a good crop of fruit more than once in ten years: add to this unfruitfulness the fact that ten pints of merises will produce scarcely one pint of Kirchenwasser, and the extent of the imposture will be evident. The cheat has been so successful that it has almost ruined the

honest distiller of the Black Forest ; since he finds it impossible to sell real Kirchenwasser at the same moderate rate as fraudulent merchants are able to vend the counterfeit, poisoned brandy. It therefore behoves the epicure to regulate his palate with the greatest care, when he is about to test the genuineness of this brandy ; for it is a brandy and not a liqueur, in its pure state : it may be made a liqueur—but at the expense of its purity. I would earnestly warn all men against the adulterate counterfeit, as it is most injurious in its effects, whereas Kirchenwasser brandy is a wholesome and agreeable tonic ; but then this is extremely dear, whereas the imposture is cheap.



REFLECTIONS ON TRUFFLES.

“La truffe est le diamant de la cuisine.”

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

PAINTERS and poets may combine to do homage to hill and dale, vegetation, and atmospheric phenomena, they may talk about modulating landscapes and thunder-clapping clouds, and put on canvass all the colours of the rainbow in the most brilliant contrast ; but they will fail, with all their genius and ingenuity, in exciting that intense gratitude which epicures, without exception, feel for the memory of the discoverer of truffles. Incomparable truffles ! Who could look up to dwell upon the most gorgeous scenery, if he knew he were standing upon truffles ? When I am in the country, this thought so takes possession of me, that I walk along, groping in the earth, growing more excited as I near every willow, black poplar, or oak, absorbed in a feverish dream about truffles ! I once heard an epicurean friend of mine, as he scratched an old hog in a farm-yard in a most affectionate manner, say to the grunting recipient of these attentions, “Ha ! you dirty lucky wretch ; a delightful time *you* must have of it, always hunting up truffles.” And then turning aside, and most pathetically sighing, my poor friend added, “Ah ! why was not I born a hog ? ”

Naturalists are at a loss how to class truffles ; how-

ever, we shall not enter upon their natural history, suffice it that people are not at a loss to eat them—when they can get them. Truffles are found in sandy soils, generally on sloping ground, under the shadow of oak, willow, aspen, or black poplar trees. Le Perigord, in the south of France, produces the most delicious truffles in the world. They are plentiful in Italy; a few are found also in Germany. Truffles are hunted up from the ground by pigs trained for the purpose; let us therefore render thanks to these brutes; (and an old epicure, in the intensity of his affection for these grunting hunters of Perigord, proposed to erect baths in the neighbourhood for them, to be supported, after the fashion of our Baths and Washhouses for the Labouring Classes, by voluntary contributions; a tribute of respect that did infinite credit to the old gourmand's nature;) let us henceforward, remembering the gastronomic services of pigs, duck the pate for evermore to the pigsty.

There are three distinct sorts of truffles: the white truffle, the red, and the black. The white is the least esteemed; the red is the rarest; the black is incontestibly *the* truffle for me, and, I apprehend, for all epicures. Truffles should not be disturbed till they have arrived at full maturity; they should then be removed, with plenty of indigenous earth about them; the epicure therefore, will not refuse (for he buys them by weight) to pay for the earth that is about them, as it preserves their aroma. Truffles will not keep long, in perfection. They should only be eaten when they are in season. Dried and preserved truffles are, in my opinion, insipid

and worthless. A turkey, however, stuffed with truffles, will keep good and perfectly fresh for a month or six weeks. Truffles should never be cooked for a long space of time, or they lose their aroma. An epicure of some experience describes a game pie with truffles, as a celestial dish : foie gras with truffles, is more to my taste. But, after all, I think a fine fat turkey, full of fine black truffles, better than all the *santés* with truffles in existence.

In January, truffles are to be had in their perfection.



FEBRUARY.

THE ALDERMAN'S

HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.



CHAPTER II.

ON COLD-MEAT DAYS.

I AM a man who can make a dinner off a mutton chop, but I flatter myself that I am able to appreciate an elaborate meal. Soyer's genius is not thrown away upon me, neither do I despise the plain cookery of the Cock or Mitre. My fortunes and misfortunes have carried me to the highest as well as to the meanest tables; I have been the guest of Duke Barleyburrow (and an empty, vulgar, sporting character he is), and I have taken my chop with a journeyman carpenter. I have sipped Tokay, and drank threepenny ale from the pewter. This experience, extending over a wide range of human nature, has done me some service, while it has robbed me of the romance and generous kindness of my youth. What would I not give to be again the firm believer in the steadfast virtue of mankind—once more to lean with generous trust upon my fellow-creatures! . But it may not be. The book in which I have read mankind has

not been a thin duodecimo volume, but a bulky quarto. I have studied well, and have learned at last but a suspicious misanthropy. Blame me not, world, but pity me. I escaped the net which Miss Sudds had set for me, only to fall into a more cruel trap. I was but one-and-twenty when I married. My married life was one long, weary torment to me. Though my wife loved me tenderly, her affection was not that noble devotion with which some women fling their lives, their souls, at the feet of their idol, and still bless him, when he turns from them in after years, for his old but transient love. Hers was that common, every-day love, that contents itself with stereotyped epithets of endearment, and amounts, in fact, to a preference in your favour over the people about you. This calm and common passion is a blessing to those who feel it. They do not know the hourly pangs that wring the heart of the being who has, in a fatal hour, concentrated his world in one frail form—in one ordinary heart. They cannot understand how such a love refines the grosser jealousies of the common world—till he remembers with a pang that other hearts have throbbed against his idol's bosom in her childhood. I have endured this jealousy—my wife could not understand my grief. How should she? As well might I have tried to explain a problem from Euclid to an unlettered milkmaid. As I shall not have occasion to mention her again, I will at once add, that, when she had borne me a son and daughter, she died. I turn from the recollection of my misery to resume my lighter narrative. I trust that this wandering may be excused in an old man, who writes while Time stands by with his shroud.

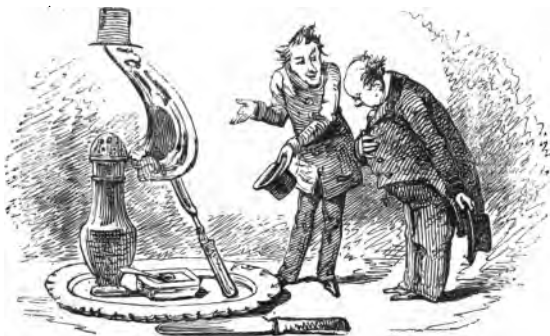
My frequent visits to the Sudds' soon taught me to make a calculation which has since often proved of infinite service to me. The calculation was this—Given, a leg of mutton among five—to find how long it will last and on what day there will be a fresh joint. To arrive at a satisfactory answer to this query demanded some experience; I therefore dined one Sunday with the Sudds', and called on the morrow at their dinner time, to inspect the remains of their yesterday's repast. I found that, as Mr. Sudds dined in town, an ordinary joint cooked on Sunday, made its appearance on the Monday, cold, and that enough remained to make a hash on Tuesday, which, with a pudding as a "make up," provided a wholesome meal for the family. On the Wednesdays, then, I resolved at first to make my week-day visits; but I soon found that Mrs. Sudds, with a prudence that did her honor, and made me very savage, had set those days apart as steak, chop, or cutlet days, because a joint, if had on Thursday, would, with a pudding on the third day, last very well through the week. I finally fixed upon Thursday, and never failed in finding a good plain dinner on that day. Some sponges do not object to eat of the cold wreck of a family joint, with a salad; but I have an hereditary aversion for cold meat. My father, during his apprenticeship to a city warehouseman, dined on the family cold-meat for four consecutive years, and was not able to touch a cold viand ever afterwards. He once, in later life, ate the wing of a cold fowl, when he was in liquor, but it would not stay on his stomach. This aversion was the only bequest my father ever made me, and to humour it, I have studied cold-meat

days with a nervous attention. The epicure has generally a very variable appetite, and possesses the valuable accomplishment of being able to adapt his palate to the means he may have of gratifying it: but there are some men, who, like myself, have one or two unconquerable aversions, and to them I trust that my experiences, as regards cold-meat, will not be found altogether without use.

In my opinion, cold-meat is the curse of domestic life in England. On the Continent, where the palate is more studied, a *fricassée* is a blessing within the reach of the poorest class, and, consequently, cold-meat is almost unknown. Here, by way of variety, the pickings from a bone are thrust, without art, and with ignorance, into boiling water, and the result is an English hash. Ugh! The English build decent ships, and make good sailors—but confound their cooks!

Many points have to be considered ere a just estimate of the consumption of meat in a family can be arrived at. Firstly, it is necessary to study thoroughly their respective appetites; this may be accomplished by paying attention to the number of times each member is served. Hot-joint days will do for this study, if the student take care to make allowance for the extra quantity which people always declare they can eat of cold-meat. It may, however, be generally taken as a rule, that where half the hot-joint is demolished at a sitting, the cold-meat will entirely dissappear on the morrow; therefore, in a family where this takes place, alternate days are advisable for visiting. Moreover, some families are addicted to large joints, some to small;

this point should not be lost sight of, and should be borne in mind for the student's calculation. Families in flourishing circumstances disdain cold-meat; and some, with a generosity truly Christian, set apart the leavings of their dinner for their servants' meal on the morrow. By the way, the appetite of the maid-of-all work should not be lost sight of, inasmuch as hers are not generally inactive teeth. Much, however, depends upon the vigilance of the epicure himself. It is impossible to lay down rules for each of the thousand-and-one manœuvres with which the student must be perfectly well acquainted, ere he can hope to practise his art with any *eclat*. I can only give the broad principles upon which he must base his practice: it must remain with him to cope with the many difficulties that will beset his early career. Sponging is a subtle art—so subtle, that few out of its many thousand votaries have attained to any great eminence in it. I speak here of the high art, not of the grovelling trade to which many have degraded the sponging system. I have pointed out the means of avoiding cold-meat days for the benefit of young beginners only; inasmuch as I trust and hope (for the benefit of human nature) that there are few men of eminence in the art who would condescend to grace a table where there was only a cold shoulder prepared for them. In my next chapter I have treated of "Taking People as they are."



ON THE SOCIAL AND MERCANTILE INFLUENCE OF CHOPS.

WHAT great events from little causes spring ! How many important events have been brought about by the simple, but irresistible agency of a mutton chop. If a man want to strike a good bargain for himself, he asks his victim to take a chop with him : if a man wish to ask you a great favour, he opens the matter by requesting you to eat your chop with him. It is reported that Sir Charles Wood, when he negociated the loan for the Irish, proposed to take a chop with the money-lenders to talk over the business.

When we behold a muddy flock of sheep blocking up the avenues to business, we thoughtlessly exclaim, " What

a nuisance !" but a little reflection—a pinch of philosophy—would turn our indignation to profound and proper gratitude. Instead of exclaiming against these harassed flocks, we should then remember, with respect, that these inoffensive creatures contained within their bespattered fleece, choice morsels, by the influence of which, the greatest events might be brought about. Pick the fattest from yonder flock, take the beast rib by rib, and count up his social influence. Here are the first two chops hissing from Job's gridiron—they are destined for yonder men—most influential fellows on Change. Well, on the proper digestion of those two chops, hangs the fate of the firm of Simpson, Tompkins, and Co.: the firm is in a critical state, and depends upon the willingness of these two chop-consumers to grant a loan, and they are discussing the matter over their dinner. Here are two more chops—capital, hot, juicy morsels too! broiled for Alderman Downwitham's luncheon: now, on the delicacy and tenderness of these, depends the fate of John Smith, who is to appear before Downwitham in the course of an hour, on a charge of illegally pawning slopwork. Poor John Smith!—may the chops lie lightly on the worthy magistrate's stomach! Another pair of hissing, smoking chops!—these are for Mr. Hawes, who is "knocking off" a colonial constitution—on their digestive state depend the liberties of the Cape Colonists; if they disagree with the colonial stomach, woe to the wretched inhabitants of the Cape!

And in this way, the philosopher might frame an estimate of the social influence which, without knowing it, the Southdown ewe carries in its skin.

THE EPICURE'S TIME TABLE.

		WINTER.	SUMMER.
		DAYS.	DAYS.
Pheasants should be kept		10	4
Partridges	" .	8	2
Chickens	" .	4	2
Grouse	" .	14	6
Woodcock	" .	10	4
Venison	" .	8	4
Turkeys	" .	8	4
Hares	" .	6	3
Pigeons	" .	4	2
Capons	" .	6	3
Fowls	" .	6	3
Beef and Pork	" .	8	4
Veal	" .	4	2
Mutton	" .	3	2
Lamb	" .	4	2

The above table applies only to temperate climates.



THE ALDERMAN'S CUPS.

I am about to admit the student, and indeed, the world into my confidence, to lay bare the inner man, and with a truth that must be admired, to throw myself upon the indulgence of an epicurean and Bacchanalian public. I am not a teetotaler. Are you reader? if so you had better pass on to the next chapter, for you would be disgusted with the formidable list of spirituous liquids,

“that cheer and *do* inebriate,”

which I intend, with a recklessness you could not countenance, to lay before the delighted public. I and Father Matthew are not on terms of intimacy. I cannot bring myself to believe that Kirchenwasser, Maraschino, Cognac, Anisette, Constantia, St. Peray, Hock, Burgundy, Amontillado, Beaune, Sauterne, old Port, Milk Punch, &c. &c. were given us to be emptied into the Thames, or at least till we have manufactured a sufficient quantity of these delightful things to give a very decided flavour to the river. I have, in fact, agreed, at the earnest solicitation of a total abstinence friend (whose friendship I value in spite of his pledge) to assist him in the agitation he is about to raise, with the view of compelling the legislature to pass an enactment to compel Englishmen to empty their wine cellars into the Thames, directly he

can prove to me that there is a sufficient quantity of spirit in the Kingdom to convert the river into a copious stream of grog, and not till then; meantime I intend to mix for myself, in such proportions as I may consider requisite for the inner man, and for the occasional expansion of the human heart. In the hope that many will join me in my temperate libations, I shall take this opportunity of giving them some hints on a few choice and delightful cups.

CUP I.—A LOVING CUP.

(Decidedly good on a cold day.)

This is a simple, but withal a delightful and invigorating cup. Prepare it thus: Put two or three slices of very brown toast at the bottom of the bowl, grate over them some nutmeg, then pour in a quart of ale, and perhaps two-thirds of a bottle of good sherry (mild ale is preferable), sweeten, and immediately before drinking add a bottle of soda-water. Give this as a parting cup to your friends: you will not find many ladies refuse what they call "just a sip" of it.

CUP II.—SHRUB.

Shrub is either very good or detestable. It must be made excellently well, or it is nauseous to the refined palate. It is never indifferently good; it is excellent or

execrable. Rum Shrub should be made thus :—Mix with a pint of the very best Jamaica rum, sugar according to palate, and about two-thirds of a pint of Seville orange juice, which mix with iced water. Brandy Shrub is made very differently. In a quart of Cognac steep the peel of one lemon and mix the juice of two, and let it stand for an entire day, then add rather more than half a pound of sugar, a pint and a half of good sherry, and then let it stand a day longer—add a little nutmeg, and strain it before using it. When all the ingredients be of first-rate—this is a cup fit for an Anacreon.

CUP III.—MILK PUNCH.

I am indebted to an Irish friend for my first cup of Milk Punch. I leave my readers to imagine with what gratitude I bowed to this introduction. I was in ecstasy! I would forgive anything in a man who can throw his soul into a cup of milk punch. I believe we are indebted to Ireland (and it is perhaps the only debt we owe her, save one—fair government), for the enjoyment of this exquisite beverage. My friend gave me the following receipt for it :—

Fill a bottle as full as possible of lemon-peel, and then add as much brandy as it will admit; let this (corked) stand in the sun two or three days, then mix with the brandy (having poured it out) two pounds of sugar, two quarts of water, four of brandy, two of boiling milk, boiled with spice, and about a pint of lemon juice. When this is cold, strain it till quite clear and bottle it

instantly : you will not be able to keep it long if anybody in the house has once tasted it.

CUP IV.—PUNCH.

I object to arrack : I prefer punch made with an equal mixture of brandy and rum, sugar, the proper proportion of lemon juice, a glass of port wine, and a little rum shrub ; this mixed with boiling water, forms, to my mind, a mixture that may tempt many strong men to forswear the doctrines of the apostle of temperance.

These are my ordinary cups—that is to say, when I *do* take anything, one of the foregoing is generally the beverage. I would not, however, wish the indulgent reader to close this chapter with the impression that I am a reckless drunkard ; inasmuch as he would thereby infallibly class me with a horde of despicable fellows. No ; I take my moderate cups like most men of a sanguine temperament, and it is my happiness to believe that neither my health nor my heart are injured by the practice. I have an old-fashioned leaning towards men who can get socially excited over their cups. A designing man never gets drunk.



MARCH.



THE ALDERMAN'S

HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER III.

ON TAKING PEOPLE AS THEY ARE.

IN the early years of an epicure's life, he has to experience many sore trials—trials which require the most courageous palate to overcome them. It is no easy task to battle against an adverse fate. Every man cannot smile upon a cold shoulder, or swallow a detestable hash without an expression of disgust. It requires a certain degree of moral courage to endure what domestic circles call "a make-shift." Therefore, I shall be at some pains to warn the student against "taking people as they are." I say briefly, do no such thing. If your company be worth

having, (and the company of an ordinary epicure is never tedious)—it is worth a decent entertainment. I am fully aware that it requires no ordinary tact to avoid, systematically, invitations to take people as they are; but I am convinced, on the other hand, that experience and study will enable a man to avoid these social nuisances, without giving offence to anybody. Study and observation will accomplish miracles, depend upon it. I give these hints to the rising generation, because I am thoroughly certain that the next generation will be one of epicures. The present tendency of the age goes to prove this. Do not the Ministers already acknowledge the importance of gastronomy, by holding an annual whitebait dinner? Does not the Speaker of the House of Commons, with a sagacity not often to be found in a Government official, give his annual dinner at the beginning of the season? Does not Her Most Gracious Majesty pay graceful tribute to gastronomy, by celebrating all imaginary anniversaries with splendid festivals? Do not the Corporation of London usher in their new Lord Mayors with prodigious feasts? And abroad, do we not hear of the Spanish Isabella's wonderful love of eating? Yes, it cannot be denied, the gastronomic age is dawning upon us; we are on the eve of a glorious future—that will worship Savarin devoutly. Therefore it behoves the youth of the present age to pay strict attention to the elements of gastronomy—to cultivate as far as they are able what has been too long trifled with, or altogether neglected, viz., the palate. I say this emphatically, and as a most necessary preliminary to a sound course of education—avoid taking people as they are.

Intimate friends are the barbarians who will desire you so to take them. They will tell you that they do not look upon you as a stranger—that you will have whatever there may be in the house—in short, that they regard you as one of the family, and will treat you accordingly; that is to say, pay you less attention than any other visitor—make bold to put a knuckle bone before you, and give you the weaker cups of tea. They've known you too long to make any ceremony before you, therefore your host composes himself to sleep after dinner, and your hostess has the baby up (bless it!) and allows it to make various snatches at your hair, nose, watch, seals, &c. Intimate friendship is a delightful thing certainly! Now the purpose of this paper is to urge upon the student the necessity of setting his face against these familiarities. Let him always refuse general invitations; and accept only those when an hour and day are exactly specified. By strictly adhering to this rule, he may avoid taking people as they are; for a host cannot, with any decency, give a friend an invitation for a future day, without preparing some sort of entertainment for him. I think this may be safely taken as a general rule. If a man ask you to "drop in" to dinner, refuse; for you are certain to fare badly—except you are acquainted with a professed and acknowledged epicure—for to such noble individuals these precautions in no way apply. I always mistrust people who ask me "to drop in" to dinner: the very term—dropping—implies, in my opinion, a carelessness of gastronomic refinements.

In days long gone by, but to which I cannot, even now,

turn without a shudder ; I used to take the Sudds' as they were—that is to say, in the most uncomfortable and uninviting condition : but I have long since, thank fortune, abandoned the habit, as a dire necessity now no longer existing. I am, at the present moment, one of a happy clique of epicures, and hope to be able to exist without again resorting to my old deplorable shifts.

I might relate divers anecdotes illustrative of my present theme, but I must forbear. The limits to which I must confine my observations will not admit of these digressions. I address my precautions, be it well observed, to those sage young men who have resolutely resolved to make themselves accomplished epicures. I hate those superficial coxcombs, who, as L. E. L. well says, “with mouths never meant but for mutton and mashed potatoes, dilate learnedly on the merits of *salmis* or *santés*.” Such fellows deserve the contempt of all thinking men, inasmuch as their ignorance tends to bring into contempt that most noble art with which they feign intimacy. I shall live, I trust, to behold the introduction of gastronomy into our Universities. I hope to hail the time when it will be necessary for every gentleman to be versed in the theory of cooking ; and I conceive that I am in a measure hastening the advent of this happy era, by bringing before the notice of the public my present work, which M. Soyer has done me the honour to peruse, and upon the tenor of which he has complimented me.

A GEOGRAPHICAL CATECHISM FOR GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

So deeply do I feel that a gastronomic age is dawning upon us, that the rising generation will need a profound epicurean education, that I cannot forbear printing, for the use of married epicures, the following Catechism, to be studied by the junior branches of their family.

Tutor.—Point out to me the town in England celebrated for its bloaters.

Pupil.—Yarmouth.

Tutor.—Shew me the city, in Europe, renowned for its sausages.

Pupil.—Bologna.

Tutor.—What town is celebrated for its chocolate?

Pupil.—Florence.

Tutor.—Shew me, on the map, the district which is famous, and deservedly so, for producing the finest truffles.

Pupil.—Le Perigord, in France.

Tutor.—What town, in the same country has won an enviable reputation for its Patés de foie gras?

Pupil.—Strasbourg.

Tutor.—Where would you go to get macaroni in perfection?

Pupil.—To Naples.

Tutor.—Where has the gastronomic art been carried nearest to perfection?

Pupil.—In France.

Tutor.—Name the martyr whose memory epicures should honour.

Pupil.—Vatel, the cook of the Great Condé, who, when he found that the fish destined to a banquet his master gave to Louis XIV. was missing, refused to survive the dishonour, and died by his own hand.

TO KEEP FISH ALIVE.

THOSE worthy individuals who take delight in Isaac Walton's art; and who, moreover, are in the habit of sending the result of their sport to their epicurean acquaintance, must learn an indispensable piece of information, viz., how to keep fish fresh. This may be done by soaking the soft part of bread in brandy, and inserting it in the gill of the fish while it is yet alive, and afterwards sprinkling it over gently with brandy. Thus prepared, and carefully packed in straw, the fish will keep alive ten or twelve days, as may be proved by putting it in fresh water at the end of that time, when, after a few hours' immersion, it will recover from its protracted drunkenness.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

THE first European importation of coffee came from Arabia, and, let distant planters talk as they please, to my mind, Arabian coffee is far preferable to that grown in other countries. Savarin, treating of the history of coffee, notices a legend that gives the discovery of the plant to a shepherd, who, having noticed that whenever his flock had partaken of it they got very frisky and troublesome, thereupon himself tested its quality, and found it so much to his taste that he spread abroad a report of its wonderful properties and delightful flavour. The Turks never grind their coffee, but pound it with a wooden pestle in a wooden mortar, and after a time these pestles become very valuable, as the coffee penetrates the wood. Savarin asserts from positive experience that ground coffee is not comparable with that prepared after the Turkish fashion. He devoted much attention to the various methods of making coffee, and finally came to the conclusion (and I certainly agree with him) that coffee prepared à la Dubelloy is perfection. Coffee à la Dubelloy is made by pouring boiling water upon the coffee, allowing it to pass through a perforated bottom. This coffee should then be boiled, and again passed through the percolator; the result will be a most fragrant cup of coffee. Savarin, noticing the medicinal qualities of coffee, tells a story of his having been kept awake forty consecu-

tive hours from having in the evening imbibed two large cup-fulls of very strong Mocha. The epicure should never take more than a small cup of café noir after dinner.

Café à la Vanille is by no means a despicable preparation. Some epicures, and perhaps more particularly French epicures, insist upon it that coffee à la Vanille is the most perfect method of preparing this delightful berry. Café à la Vanille is made in this simple way:—

Take a handful of oats, and boil them in a saucepan full of water for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, then take out the grain, and boil a second handful of oats in the same water for another ten minutes, after which strain the decoction, and put the water by for use. Coffee boiled in this decoction is delightful. It retains all its aroma, and has, moreover, a flavour imparted to it by the decoction, that invigorates and cheers, and is altogether harmless to the stomach.



APRIL.



THE ALDERMAN'S
HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE TREATMENT OF HOSTESSES.

For a woman's soul is by nature a beautiful fresco-painting, painted on rooms, tables, clothes, silver waiters, and upon the whole domestic establishment.—*Richter's Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.*

I approach this part of my subject with becoming diffidence. I am sensible of very many deficiencies: I feel that I am not the man to do justice to so poetical a theme. Yet I must e'en do my best—must cast aside my

scruples—take a goute of some delicious noyeau which I keep by me for my own private enjoyment—and proceed to instruct epicurean youth on the treatment of Hostesses.

A young man cannot attain to any eminence as an epicure, till he has got rid of that bashfulness and trepidation which are the curses of youth I therefore earnestly beseech all juveniles to shake off, as early as possible, those barricades which inexperience has piled up between them and fortune. Let them ever strive to get rid of bashfulness with their pinafores: let them say good bye to trepidation, when they disown the tyranny of their suburban schoolmaster. I must insist upon confidence as an indispensable element in the epicure's nature: I never saw a bashful gourmand. The opportunities lost by a bashful man are beyond calculation. A bashful man never won an heiress, or became a popular diner out! However, I need not dwell upon the disadvantages of bashfulness, inasmuch as I do not think that disadvantage is spreading among the rising generation: I cannot believe that the young men of the present day are more bashful and retiring than were the youths of my early time; on the contrary, I am perhaps inclined to hold that the youths I notice about me, are not wanting in sufficient confidence, and a certain forwardness, which I, of the old school, am apt to look upon as precocious. Without more ado, then, I will proceed to inform the student on the importance of paying marked and graceful civilities to hostesses. I knew a man who gained a sure footing in a dinner-giving family by telling his wife, on his return from his first visit, that the hostess (a middle-aged lady and a grandmother) was about three-and-

twenty years of age ; taking care that this opinion should float back to the flattered lady. This is a very fair sample of the diplomacy with which it behoves the student to be acquainted. Let him not, however, prematurely plume himself on his adroitness in this science, or he may find to his cost that he has played a blind game with edged tools. In no matter let him be more careful than in the paying of compliments. A compliment should be implied, never thrust under the nose of the individual complimented. To tell a woman that she is pretty, is equivalent to telling a man that he is honest. So difficult is it to pay a compliment gracefully, that I should warn beginners to refrain from the practice till they have, by continual contact with society, made themselves thorough masters of the art. Meantime they may feel their way by venturing to commend certain qualities of their friends in their absence—this is always a safe venture.

The student should listen with profound attention to whatever hostesses may please to acquaint him with in the matter of their domestic economy. He will, in all probability, have to endure tedious narratives of the ill-doings of servants, and their ingratitude to their mistress ; he must appear interested in long stories of little Malcolm's prodigious precocity, or laugh heartily when he is told that young Polly once asked her grandmother if she could swim ; he must beg that the baby be introduced after dinner, and rapturously commend the hostess's last anti-Macassar ; he must, in short, flatter without a parade of flattery, and listen with heroic patience to the most senseless twaddle. This may be done in a quiet and

unobtrusive way—in fact, it must be done so to prove of service to the epicure. For, let it be taken as an indisputable fact, women, for the most part, despise professed flatterers. Tell a woman now-a-days that she is an angel, and she will laugh at you : pay deference to her opinion, laugh at her jokelets, and commend the lightness of her crust, and she will put you down in the list of “agreeable gentlemen.”

I have gleaned these rules from actual experience, be it observed. I am not retailing advice second-hand, but casting it lavishly from an original source. I have, it is reasonable in me to own, had my rebuffs : I have once or twice been snubbed by hostesses ; I have, in each case, been able to trace the said snubbings, or the said rebuffs, to a very sufficient cause. For instance, I for ever lost the good graces of Mrs. Sudds by coinciding with her husband on one occasion—in condemning a turkey as extremely tough. Women must be humoured in weaknesses, which they share in common with men. Sudds, who regarded women as little better than fair images, with but the smallest allowance of brains, said on this occasion (after the ladies had retired), that he could not understand how a woman could feel so hurt about the toughness of the turkey ; whereupon I ventured to remind him that men were just as weak. “Observe,” said I, “that a woman’s ambition is in her household, therefore, any remark that in any way reflects upon her talent as a housekeeper, wounds her deeply ; on the other hand, man’s ambition—yours, for instance, is in your political knowledge, any reflections upon which would equally irritate you !” Sudds did not relish this argument. My

experience in the treatment of hostesses has, in short, convinced me that assiduous, but not obtrusive attention joined to an easy, yet not a careless manner, will secure the epicure the favour of married ladies generally.

THE ALDERMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Can you doubt the love I bear you ?
Will you wrong a faithful heart ?
I'd leave my dinner to be near you :
I'd give up truffles—not to part.
Ah ! if you could know the anguish
That has thrilled me through and through,
When I've dreamt I'd lost for ever,
Twenty dinner cards and you.

'Tis in vain I seek to smother
Thoughts that turn to you all day ;
Except when foie gras calls another
Sentiment—as sweet—in play.
No, I cannot live without you :
You gone ; what were creams to me ?
Come then, fair, no coy disdaining,
Share my soups and wines with me !



ON MUTTON.

It cannot be concealed, I always feel a strange emotion when the subject of mutton is raised in company. When the haunch is on the tapis, I always feel sheepish. My emotion may be the result of an overweening affection—it may be ascribed to tender reminiscences of Southdown—this I am not prepared to deny, still less am I able to justify the weakness that comes upon me at the sound of those magic syllables—Mutton ! Incomparable, and (with caper-sauce) fascinating mutton ! He is unworthy of the name of epicure who can calmly contemplate a well-hung haunch, or to whose perverted imagination the saddle does not give a spur. I shall, I trust, be forgiven for lingering thus fondly on a subject so near and dear to my head—stomach. But I must make an effort to cast aside the blissful reminiscences that float so thickly before my bewildered brain ; and, with a prodigious effort, must assume sufficient calmness, to touch upon the subject of mutton in a rational and practical manner.

There are four kinds of mutton in repute at the epicure's table ; namely, the Welsh, Dartmoor, Scotch, and, not least in esteem, the Southdown. The Southdown is largest of these four breeds, and, to my mind, the best. It is not often that you find first-rate mutton in London. The graziers do not keep their sheep long enough. Mutton should be from five to six years old ;

whereas, the mutton generally consumed in England is scarcely three years old. Young mutton is flabby. The flesh of a young leg will separate when the first incision is made by the carver. This may always be taken as a proof of the youth, and consequently, the inferiority and unwholesomeness of the mutton. The flesh of a good leg would rather close over the incision. Let hostesses and hosts attend to this, as the appearance of bad mutton is an indelible disgrace to an epicure's table.

The haunch may be cooked so as to have the flavour of roebuck venison, by cutting all the outer skin from the meat, and having first rubbed it with olive oil, by soaking in a vessel containing a pint of vinegar, some thyme, a few bay leaves, four cloves of garlic, some whole white pepper, a little all-spice, a teaspoonful of bay salt, and a little parsley. Cover the upper part of the joint with slices of onion; turn the joint every morning, still keeping the onions on the uppermost part. Repeat this for four days, and then roast it as venison. The result, take my word for it, will be a most delightful dish. Epicures very generally despise the loin of mutton; and on this head I must beg to offer them a word of advice. The loin *per se*, is not, I confess, as generally cooked, a very attractive part of the sheep; but, those persons who have not tasted it stuffed, with veal stuffing, should not give a hasty condemnation of the loin.

Mutton, as the epicure knows, is eaten in perfection from the saddle or haunch, plainly but most attentively cooked. Soyer's saddleback of mutton is a dish worthy the attention and deliberate consideration of every epicure. Then there is a Satanic method of cooking a leg of mutton; and

judging from this specimen of culinary skill in regions to which I need not more particularly allude, save to note, for the benefit of the community, that no ices or cold dishes are to be found there, I say, judging from "a leg of mutton basted with devil's tears," Satanic gastronomy cannot be altogether despicable.

I will simply recommend to the attention of the student the following sheepish delicacies :

Saddle of mutton, à-la-Bretonne.

Shoulder of mutton, Savoyard's method, à-la-Polonaise, Provengale fashion.

Mutton cutlets, santés. Ragout of mutton, curried.



MAY.

THE ALDERMAN'S

HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER V.

ON BIRTHDAYS AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

STUDENTS are for the most part men of limited income; that is to say, their various diversions leave them little cash to spare for presents. They should, therefore, by a little care and foresight, so arrange matters, that they may distribute their limited favours to the best advantage. There are a great many considerations to be taken into account in the matter of presents; and perhaps the most important point to be considered is—to whom presents may be given with the greatest contingent advantage to the giver. Now, without a doubt, the most profitable investment may be made in children's toys; inasmuch, as by taking notice of, and petting children, the student will surely gain the favour of their maternal parent—if not of the stern paternal progenitor. I never found this method fail. I conceive that it is founded on a true view of human nature, and human weakness. It takes hold of people through their strongest affections—it enlists on your side the most potent feeling of which

the human heart is capable—it is therefore a sound and refining system. It is refining, or rather elevating, because it brings out in the strongest light the universality and strength of those bonds of love which are the surest stronghold of society; for they are the strongest inducements to morality. The epicure, therefore, who gains the goodwill of a host and hostess, by petting their children, makes his way by fair means; since his policy is calculated to develop the parental love. I say then to the student—pet children—your trouble will seldom be thrown away. How delightful it is, when our conscience seconds our inclination; when we feel that we are gaining our own ends by doing service to others. It is not often that this agreeable harmony exists between the senses and the mind; on the contrary, a deadly conflict is generally going on between the two. Now the physical man has the victory: now the moral man comes in for his share of power, when the physical has a thumping headache on the morrow morning. Oh! the resolutions men make before they get up in the morning. As they swallow the medicinal soda-water, they swear that they have committed an excess for the last time; henceforth they will be staid, sober citizens, and don the nightcap regularly at 11 o'clock, p.m.;—oaths, like women's vows, traced on sand: the sea that washes all traces away—brandy-and-water.

The attentions which I should particularly recommend the student to pay to children, are, making judicious presents, taking the little wretches on his knee after dinner, regardless of the poet, who said, "a fine family is a fine thing, provided it doesn't come in after dinner;"

and taking the diminutive nuisances out for a walk. The latter proceeding, I admit, requires a boldness which few young men possess; but I trust that I may be able, by insisting upon its importance, to induce the student to make the venture. Sunday is, perhaps, the safest day for this attention; fewer people are about, and the student is less likely to meet an acquaintance while undergoing this severe penalty to be endured in the cause of gastronomy. I can speak with particular authority on this head, since it has been my misfortune, in the days of my youth and poverty, to parade the juvenile Sudds' about the Regent's Park for hours together. Oh! the tedium of those hours! But I must break off: the reader must be indulgent towards me, if I cannot sufficiently command myself to speak calmly of my bygone miseries. I am but a man. I have, however, this gratifying consolation to cheer me on in my riper years, that I endured my gastronomic apprenticeship with a firmness for which I was at the time commended by an illustrious epicure, who, to his honour be it said, as a dying request, called for "one of turtle."





ON MACKEREL.

ALL epicures agree in commending the silvery mackerel to the attention of their pupils. Mackerel, like women, are loved all the world over. This delightful fish is, in truth, one of the chief blessings of the spring; a delight to which all epicures look forward with earnestness and delight. It is a fish that has withstood that greatest of all tests—cheapness: though the indignant cotton-spinner carries two home on a twig for the Saturday night's supper, the lordling in his castle does not despise mackerel à la maitre d'hotel; that is to say, a mackerel cut in half down the back, and broiled, and then covered with melted butter and herbs. I must confess that I like soused mackerel, and mackerel boiled after the old English fashion; though I am not one of those cynics

who despise mackerel à l'espagnole, à la flamande, à la Perigord, en fricandeau, aux écrevisses, en papillotes, or even in soup : so fond am I of the fish, that I think I could eat it under any circumstances. Here is a capital cheap method of preparing a mackerel or two for supper : broil the mackerel, unsplit, on a clean fire. Simmer in half-a-pint of vinegar and water, in equal parts, two onions, a bay-leaf, and a parsley root. When the onions are melted, strain the liquor, season it according to taste, and set it to boil, taking care, when it boils, to add a spoonful of ketchup, with a lump of butter rolled in flower, and before you take it up, add, perhaps, a spoonful of capers. Serve this sauce with the boiled mackerel, and it makes a very digestible and agreeable trifle for supper. I eat a plain boiled mackerel, sometimes, for breakfast.

I often devoutly thank Fate that I was born where mackerel are cheap, and I hail the advent of steam with particular delight, for it has enabled fishermen to convey this exquisite fish to the London market in a perfect state of freshness. A stale mackerel is a detestable thing.



EXTRAORDINARY CONCENTRATED ESSENCE !

A KNOWLEDGE of gastronomy is necessary to all men, since it is a means at the service of the human family, for the increase of their mundane enjoyment. To those lucky individuals who are independent of the world, that is to say, have an ample income with nothing to do for it, gastronomy is an indispensable study ; since they cannot give parties with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their friends without having an intimate acquaintance with the refinement of the kitchen.

One day the Prince de Soubise (like the Comte de *Béchamel*, immortalized by a sauce) had appointed to give a dinner, and on the same evening a supper to certain of his friends. On the morning of the appointed day, the maitre d'hotel presented his master with a list of the viands that would be required for the repast. The first item was—fifty hams ! Seeing this, the Prince turned to his servant and said—“ What, Bertrand ! Fifty hams ! It strikes me that you are rather extravagant ; are you going to feast the whole regiment ? ”

“ No,” answered the maitre d'hotel ; “ no, Prince, only

one of those hams will appear at table ; the rest are necessary for my sauces, trimmings, &c."

"Bertrand!" said the Prince, indignantly; "You are cheating me."

"Your Highness!" exclaimed the maitre d'hotel, scarcely able to suppress his indignation. "Your highness is not acquainted with the mysteries of the kitchen. Give the order, and I would reduce those fifty hams till their concentrated essence might be contained in an egg-cup."

The Prince bowed in silence to the genius of the kitchen. This story is told by Savarin.



JUNE.



DUCKS AND GREEN PEAS.

THE ALDERMAN'S
HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW TO KEEP AN EPICURE'S POCKET-BOOK.

I DWELL at some length on the rudiments of a gastro-nomic education, because I am anxious to make my *Knife and Fork* welcome to all. I do not shrink from the criticisms of professed and profound epicures, neither do I disregard the claims of beginners. I have a thorough faith in that profound adage which tells us that "everything must have a beginning," and, therefore, I should be sorry to pass students by without a word or two of advice to them. My mind too constantly reverts to my

painful gastronomic apprenticeship—to my Suddian days—to allow me to indulge my pride in self-congratulatory contemplations on the subject of my present proud position. So much in vindication of the elementary nature of my preceding chapters.

The theme of which I have now to treat is, "The Epicure's Pocket-Book." I address my present observations to advanced students—to those happy individuals who are beginning to reap the reward of their early trials, and who have many good houses open to them. It forms part of the epicure's vocation so to ingratiate himself with his hosts and hostesses, that they may give him cordial general invitations. General invitations, as I have inferred in my chapter On Taking People as they are, should not be used by the epicure except when given by a professed gastronome; and when the fortunate epicure has secured a good round of these acceptable general invitations, it behoves him to note with exactitude the dinner-hours of his respective friends. I myself, at first, found this classification a somewhat complex matter, but a little perseverance, and a sense of the importance of the end in view, enabled me to baffle all obstacles, and I finally succeeded in forming a complete and simple index of my friends' dinner-hours. Let me add, here, that I found this classification of great service, inasmuch as I can refer to it in a moment, if, during my unintentional rambles, I think of paying a suburban call. For the benefit of the reader I append a page extracted at random from my pocket-book. I have put fictitious names in the place of the genuine ones, but this is the only alteration I have made.

THE THREE O'CLOCKS.

Bottom, Heming's Row. Dine generally at three, but not very certain.

Sallust, Notting Hill. Punctual. Good dinner; first-rate port.

Crusty, Kentish Town. Punctual. Saturday, Crusty dines out, and does not leave the key of the cellar.

Tontine, St. John's Wood. Generally punctual. Has first-rate game sent to him during the season.

Burrow, Clapham. Punctual. Good dinner, but children dine at table—ugh!

Parkins, Blackheath. Punctual. Plain dinner, but deucedly well cooked. Pretty daughter.

Sampson, Richmond. Good for Sundays only. Fare, there and back, two shillings. Too much money to spend on the chance of finding Sampson at home.

N.B.—Avoid his champagne and sherry.

This extract may possibly enable the reader to form an idea of my method. I also keep notes of bachelors' parties, city luncheon-givers, people who are eligible for a late breakfast, in short, for all whose doors are open to me, for the satisfaction of whatever appetite I may from time to time wish to satisfy. I make out my lists according to time. I begin with the "eleven o'clocks" (these are the breakfast givers), and so go on through the twenty-four hours. I never stir out without my pocket-book, so that I am seldom at a loss, in what quarter soever of the town I may find myself, to procure

decent refreshment in the neighbourhood. No epicure can exist happily and peacefully without a guide such as I suggest, inasmuch as the highly refined state of his palate and stomach cannot be trifled with. The epicure who cannot satisfy the refined longings of his stomach is indeed a man to be pitied ; it therefore behoves the student and the professor to provide themselves with the invaluable guide I have the honour of suggesting, for, by so doing, they will save themselves many days of wretchedness and disgust. Let them particularly note the points wherein their friends' entertainments are weak ; let them scrupulously make a memorandum of the houses where sherry is bad and where claret is good—where game is indifferently served, and where *sauce piquante* is made in perfection—for these points are of the utmost importance to them, since their evening may be spoilt by a rash venture upon a poor dish. I have a friend at Hampstead who keeps a capital and refined table—whose *dindon aux truffes* I would back against any in the kingdom—but who never, to my knowledge, had a decent potato served up in his house in the whole course of his life. These are discrepancies to be studied carefully, and to be set down accurately in the epicure's pocket-book.



A CHAPTER WHICH MAY BE CONFIDENTLY CALLED

THE CHEESE.

DR. DAFFY tells me that I might as well swallow a charge of shot per diem as take my diurnal quantum of cheese; for he maintains that Cheshire or Stilton is about as digestible and as beneficial to the stomach as lead. This may or may not be the case; I do not put Daffy (who is reported, by the way, to be a Welshman) before the gastronomic public as an oracle of wisdom, certainly not. I simply wish to impress the reader with my fondness for cheese, by letting him into the secret of my disregard and defiance of the doctor's opinion on its harmful effects. I am ready to risk my life in the cause of cheese—to defy the horrors of indigestion on behalf of Stilton. Some persons maintain, with what degree of plausibility I am not ready to determine, that cheese acts as an aid to digestion; but the large consumption of cheese in country parts, where labourers often live almost entirely—yet in a perfect state of robust health—on bread and cheese, is undoubtedly a weighty argument in support of this opinion. However, be its medicinal properties harmful or healthful in their action upon the human frame, I have come to the resolution of adhering to my ancient

custom of taking my after-dinner Stilton; and so, if Daffy be right, I shall at least have the consolation vouchsafed to that fabled pheasant which exclaimed in a right merry humour, as it was expiring, that, at least, it died game! First of all on my list of cheeses, comes the green, but not *therefore* the congenial Stilton. Melton Mowbray claims the honour of producing these splendid cheeses, with their delightful green mould—and a green Member of Parliament—who is not the cheese. Fraudulent imitations of Stilton are by no means uncommon in the London market; but they may be detected by their lightness, want of firmness, and the colour of the mould, which should be of a very *blue* green. The excellence of this cheese is not alone owing to the richness of the milk from which it is made, but from the thyme and marjoram, and fragrant herbs with which it is flavoured. No epicure was ever known to spoil a good Stilton, by the introduction of wine, &c. Keep a Stilton in a cool dry place, and have it wrapped in a thick cloth.

Single and double Gloucester cheeses are consumed in immense quantities throughout the country. Some of these cheeses, however, are coloured with roucon, a drug most injurious to the stomach. This drug is used to colour the cheese, therefore that cheese which has least colour, is the purest and most wholesome Gloucester. In my opinion, sage cheese is the best cheese produced in Gloucestershire.

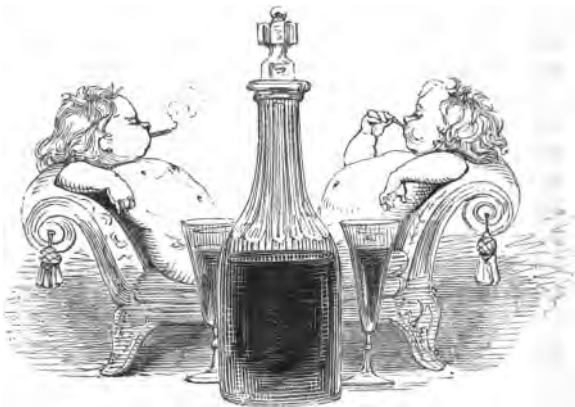
Cheshire cheese is esteemed next to Stilton by epicures; indeed some prefer a fine Cheshire to any cheese in the world; for my own part, I must confess to a predilection in favour of Stilton. The gigantic Cheddar cheese also claims

attention. I like it much, and trust it will soon be found on the tables of every English epicure.

For luncheon what is more delicious than a Neufchatel? but after dinner, it is not good. It is too delicate for the palled palate. Cream cheese is also good for luncheon or supper—not for dinner. I pity those epicures who have not partaken of the French cream cheese, swimming in cream, and sprinkled over with white sugar. To get a dish of this, iced, on a summer day, is well worth a trip across the Channel.



JULY.



THE ALDERMAN'S

HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER VII.

ON TOOTHPICKS.

I CANNOT refrain from offering a few remarks on the engrossing subject of Toothpicks. So poetical a theme calls for higher powers, perhaps, than I may modestly lay claim to; however, a matter so weighty cannot be passed by in a work like the present, therefore must I endeavour, holding up a toothpick before the delighted reader, to flirt through the chapter with it.

It is but a third-rate goose-quill that I hold before

your mind's eye, reader, yet is it so exquisitely modelled, and of such a delightful texture, that no man who has the least perception of the beautiful can regard it for a moment without experiencing the liveliest emotion. Garner up for closet meditation and enjoyment, the thousand exquisite associations which cling around this pointed quill: it wants but a touch of the penknife, and the guidance of a genius to create a second Hamlet, or to paint to a delighted world another Comus! Pondering on this intently, shall we decide how much of the profuse literature of this age we owe to geese!

Here is Savarin's toothpick! Here is Ude's! Here is Soyer's! They are all three of the costliest metal, presented to their respective owners as grateful mementos of the delightful services these professors conferred upon the human race. Are they not graceful instruments? Do they not recall to the mind that blissful state when the plenitude of the stomach and the coolness of the claret, give to mortal man the most delightful and luxuriant associations? The serenity of soul with which the toothpick is inseparably associated, must ever lend a certain charm to the pointed goose-quill.

He must certainly be a passionless individual who can recur, without emotion, to that blissful period of man's earthly career—after dinner. Who does not feel that he is a better man after a good and ample meal? Who that has a full stomach lacks benevolence? Search the world through, and you will not find an epicure with a bad heart; such a character would be an inexplicable anomaly, since eating, without contradiction, softens and refines the soul. This is why attorneys dine late: after

an ample and scientific dinner, I much doubt whether even one of the bum-tribe of Levi could summon the necessary harshness to serve a writ. Therefore does there cling an ineffable charm about the after-dinner toothpick. As a bar of music may recall some dulcet moments long since passed away, so may the toothpick bring back to the epicure the delightful remembrance of feasts of an ancient date. Looking then at the toothpick, in a poetical light, I need scarcely, I trust, apologize for this flirtation with it.

Student, use it secretly and tenderly: it should not be trifled with.



AUGUST.

THE ALDERMAN'S
HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE HOBBIES OF HOSTS AND HOSTESSES.

THERE are very few people who are without their hobbies, and those who are without hobbies are not worth knowing, inasmuch as their minds must be very suggestive of a blank sheet of Bath. Now though the presence of a hobby marks a thoughtful mind at least, it is nevertheless very often a terrible nuisance to those persons upon whom it is inflicted. I once knew a man who had a most absurd hobby—that of collecting night-caps—and on the subject of these mysterious appendages to the human toilette, he would discourse frequently for the space of three hours. And then he would insist upon shewing me his collection; exdantiating, as he drew the caps one by one from an immense wardrobe, on their several beauties and defects. He had a Greek nightcap, a Turkish nightcap, a Russian nightcap, and a great variety from Paris, whither he had travelled for the ex-

press purpose of making a collection of them. On all subjects but nightcaps this individual was sane enough. He was well informed, could paint more than passably, and had contributed a few papers of no contemptible order to the literature of his country; but on the subject of nightcaps he was a madman. I one day received the following letter from him :—

MY DEAR ALDERMAN,—Come and dine with me on Thursday—I have some splendid Southdown. B——t and G——s will be here. I trust you will not disappoint me, as I expect to receive a splendid specimen of Kamschatka manufacture to add to my collection, and you know I value your opinion on the engrossing subject of nightcaps. Yours,

L——y.

Thinking of the Southdown, and resolved to brave the infliction of my friend's hobby, I proceeded to his house at the appointed time, where I was entertained for the space of three hours and a half on the subject of this huge nightcap; its warmth, durability, and the probable length of the wearer's slumbers. The only thing that would often have consoled me under these inflictions was the loan of a specimen of my friend's collection. However, I flatter myself that I behaved with becoming and prudent composure and cheerfulness under the circumstances; for my friend was an epicure of no mean order. He had the best Southdown, and the finest pheasants of any host I ever dined with. His claret too, was unexceptionable. Student, when you are placed un-

der similar circumstances, think of my sufferings and bear up against your misfortune. Bear the weight of a hobby like a man—provided the host who inflicts it be an epicure worth your patronage. In no case, however, allow yourself to be betrayed into an expression of impatience, since the art of listening is absolutely indispensable to the happiness and success of the young epicure.





AN EPICURE'S OYSTER.

Is it not strange that people persevere in customs dictated in the first instance by ignorance, and maintained by popular prejudice. For instance, in the matter of opening oysters, what a gross, and to the epicure, what a fatal blunder the fishmonger commits, in separating the fish from the under-shell. If he would take the trouble to inform himself on the anatomy of the oyster, he would find that it does not lose its life on being opened, but directly it is separated from the under-shell. He may prove this to his satisfaction, by touching the beard of the fish after he has opened it, and he will find that it contracts, shrinks from the touch of steel; let him, therefore, for the future, cease to torture the epicure by sending him in dead oysters: they should come to table fixed to the under-shell, and so preserve all their delicious qualities to the delight of the gourmand.

SEPTEMBER.



GESE ARE IN.

**THE ALDERMAN'S
HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.**

CHAPTER IX.

ON SUNDAYS IN FAMILIES.

I AM almost inclined to recommend students to avoid Sunday visits. It is a difficult matter to arrive at people's ideas on Sunday behaviour; it is painful to shock people in their religious opinions, and therefore Sundays at home, are always to my mind the most comfortable and satisfactory. The various shades of opinion on Sunday conduct are absolutely bewildering, and unless you are intimately acquainted with your host and his family, it is

impossible for you to arrive at a decent knowledge of his Sunday observances without having shocked him more than once ; or on the other hand, you may annoy him with notions that he may look upon as childish and weak prejudices. Weigh these possibilities and probabilities fully : you cannot be too cautious in your Sunday visitings. Some families object to the introduction of papers into their households on Sundays : others insist upon dining at a quarter to two, that their servants may not miss afternoon service ; and a few hold that it is improper to laugh ; on the other hand, persons of a cheerful cast of mind can see no harm in a quiet song, while a few very serious families set their faces against the Sunday activity of their cook, and therefore, set a cold dinner before you. These conflicting opinions will at first confound and perplex the student ; and he will inevitably be guilty of many errors, and inseminate in the minds of his friends a suspicion on the score of his religion, and so, perhaps, lay the foundation of future and irredeemable unpopularity, if he neglect to study with a nervous anxiety, and a determined mind, the opinions of all persons with whom he is brought in contact. Therefore, before taking advantage of an invitation to a Sunday dinner, the student should have made himself thoroughly conversant with the peculiar tenets of his host ; and, I take it, I need scarcely add, that he must endeavour to conform strictly to his host's observances.

I lost the good opinion of Mrs. Sudds in the most innocent way—I whistled myself out of the family ! Yes, one bar of “Wapping Old Stairs,” and a shake at the end by way of ornament, performed on a Sunday morn-

ing, sealed my doom in the bosom of Mrs. Sudds: henceforth I was an exile from the hearth of the suburban architect—banished for ever from the presence of the three Miss Sudds's and their indignant mamma. Mrs. Sudds was heard to declare that a man who could lightly whistle "Wapping Old Stairs," and to crown the depravity, give a concluding shake, could not be safely trusted in a decent British household. No, Sudds might continue to be the companion of such a person if he chose (for he was bad enough for anything), but she was determined that neither herself nor her three daughters should be again insulted by the presence of such a man.

Sudds, (good-tempered, sleek old fool) ventured, at first, to remonstrate with his wife on the harshness and intolerance of her decree; but with a pertinacity truly feminine, and a fund of argument altogether overwhelming, Mrs. Sudds held her ground, and insisted upon my expulsion. However, a few weeks before this disgrace fell upon me, Mrs. Sudds had overheard me persuade her good man to be one of a jolly bachelor's party; and I have a strong impression that this fact had to do with the severity of her sentence.

I am now extremely careful when I dine out on Sundays. Mrs. Sudds gave me a wholesome lesson. I have since, I dare be sworn, been guilty of a Sunday whistle: but then I have always taken care that the wickedness should take place on my own Kidderminster.

OCTOBER.



A LOVING CUP.

THE ALDERMAN'S
HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE TREATMENT OF YOUNG LADIES.

THIS is a most difficult subject. How to treat young ladies! If you are a married man your course is clear enough: they regard you with perfect indifference; allow you to take your seat at their father's table without troubling themselves to criticise either your demeanour or your dress. To them you are a dummy—a monk—a monopolized individual: you are safe in their indifference, except when you officiously offer your arm to them, and so stand in the way of a younger and single man. A married man therefore, derives at least one advantage from his double state—the advantage of being regarded

by the book-muslin and bare shoulders that crowd metropolitan drawing-rooms—with indifference, or, may be, contempt. Let a married man presume to pester a young lady to dance with him twice in one evening, and he would be sorry to overhear her comments on him at the morrow's breakfast. A. Benedict must submit to be snubbed by virgins. The truth must go forth; in the estimation of young ladies, a family man is a ball-room nuisance. Leaving then all married men to meet virgin contempt with their best philosophy, to bear all the weight of the blame if the bachelors remain long over their wine (for young ladies invariably declare that the married men detain the bachelors), let me turn to the unfettered men of England—to those epicures not yet tethered to conjugal skirts, and who, moreover, with a moderation worthy of all honour, are content to have for a home, at some £20 per annum, one of those West-end palaces called clubs, from the contemplation of which the virgin minds of England shrink with instinctive horror. The unmarried epicure, if his wishes are bounded with the moderation to which we have referred, has a stormy path to traverse. Live and die a bachelor! Ha! ha! shout a hundred silvery voices in derision. It is no easy matter let me tell you, my single friend. Did you hear the mocking music of that plotting hundred? Well, they have each netted a mesh in the net that is to catch you. *And how will they lure you to the snare?* Why with baited smiles and dimples; and pearly rows of teeth; and scented breath; and fairy forms; and mountains of muslin; and yards of ringlets; and rarest perfumes; and crimson blushes; and whispered vows; and pouting

pulpy lips. And these are snares, believe me, that count their thousands of victims, your humble servant among the number. Once defy beauty and you must remain on guard against her for ever. You will know no cessation of hostilities—she will pursue you to the grave: therefore, it is indispensable for the single epicure to enter upon life with a stout and a tough heart; to him the dulcet accents of the virgin must ever recall the marriage bell: he must touch her hand as he would touch a red hot cinder. He must be a block of ice, defying thaw—keeping at the same time in coolest places: yet must he for the satisfaction of his stomach, so act that he may not give offence to his host's daughters. He may not behave coldly towards them; and to treat them with marked attention would endanger his own peace of mind: the safest course, therefore, for him to pursue, is to talk seriously with their father on the subject of marriages—to say incidentally that his host's daughters will make charming wives—that, in fact, they deserve to marry into the very best families in the kingdom; and then, (it must be dexterously done) let him advise their father to watch them narrowly, and to seek to ally them to titled husbands. By acting in this way he will secure the good-will of the father, and, if the matter come to the ears of the daughters, flatter their pride, and make them turn their thoughts to coronets. He will, of course, have prefaced his discourse by declaring that he is not a marrying man—that, in fact, his habits are those of a confirmed bachelor—besides, he is too humble and limited in his means to provide what he considers a suitable home for a specimen of Nature's masterpieces.

ON GAME.

ON the first of October pheasant shooting begins ; this day is therefore set apart by all true epicures as one of rejoicing. The parliamentary business of the season is over ; the long vacation allows the special pleader to snatch up his gun and stalk forward to fire upon (we will not take a bet on the accuracy of his aim) the plumpest of the covey ; and those gentlemen who may have been born with silver spoons in their mouths are relieved of the tedium of doing nothing. I cannot manage a gun ; but I can enjoy a pheasant : I cannot bring down a bird at fifty paces ; but I can appreciate a cold grouse for breakfast. And I should be glad to know who is the most sensible of the two, the fellow who enjoys the slaughter, or the epicure who enjoys the bird ? The excitement of the pursuit cannot, in my humble opinion, be so intense as the delight of meeting the bird with bread sauce ! Game is the greatest delicacy known to the gastronomic world. Science may vie with pheasants, partridges, and plovers, venison, and hares, in tickling the knowing palate, but in vain does mortal man

strive to surpass in delicacy what simple Nature with prodigal hand supplies in rich variety for the stomach of man. Let us, however, give due meed of praise to the gastronomic professor; let us humbly acknowledge that game in ignorant hands is detestable, and that it needs the science of a master to serve it up with any degree of credit.

Let me here point the student's attention to Soyer's scissors, invented for the jointing of game; for, by insisting upon their introduction to all epicures' tables, he will save himself and his friends the misery of witnessing the awkwardness of some novice exercised on a deliciously prepared bird. M. Soyer has also invented an excellent instrument for the jointing of turkeys, geese, and other large birds, which may be procured at Bra-mah's in Piccadilly.

Grouse are about the earliest and the most savoury game: Soyer does not recommend them till about the middle of August; and about the same time he recommends black cocks and grey hens. What a delightful gastronomic month is August! Partridges are in—that is to say in an eatable state—from about the 10th of September to the end of January. As regards winter game, wild ducks, widgeons, teal, larks, plovers, wood-cocks, and snipes, Soyer recommends them from the beginning of November to the latter part of March. I shall not enter upon the various methods of cooking these gastronomic delicacies; they must be in the hands of a competent professor or they are detestable; I therefore recommend the cunning student to partake of game only at the tables of acknowledged epicures.

NOVEMBER.



THE ALDERMAN'S
HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER XI.

ON TIT-BITS.

A most poetical theme ! Tit-bits ! The most exquisite morsel of the most exquisite dish ! Happy the man who has the taste to enjoy, and the science to pick out, the tit-bits of every dainty—who *does* know which is the best part, and moreover, has the assurance to take it ! Such a man has within his grasp happiness of no common order : he may defy the world's vain allurements, while he has the discernment to choose, and the audacity and

skill to appropriate to his own enjoyment the tit-bits of his friends' tables. This state of bliss is, however, seldom or ever vouchsafed to the young epicure—it is the reward of experience and persevering study only. There is no royal road to gastronomic learning: he who is ambitious of attaining to excellence in this delightful pursuit must be prepared to suffer his proper apprenticeship; if he covet the reward, he must not shirk the trial that may encumber his path. I am sensible—fully sensible of the sore disappointments and mortifications that too often darken the epicure's early days; but I, who have travelled the road, and endured my full share of the mishaps and mortifications, and have reaped, in fact, the delightful harvest of my early ardour, may be allowed to counsel the gastronomic student on his conduct under the discouragements which will probably mark his early career.

As tit-bits are very seldom within the reach of the young (inasmuch as the gastronomic elders take precedence of their juniors in the service of the table), I should advise them to spend their youthful days in studying narrowly, and noting scrupulously, the doings of their seniors. For instance, let students observe the dexterity with which a practised epicure will carve a turkey, reserving for himself—cunningly concealed under the bird—a delightful tit-bit, kept warm and juicy in the gravy; let them note also how judiciously he distributes the several parts, giving the esteemed morsels (always excepting his own) to confirmed epicures, while he carelessly passes the drumsticks to the junior portion of the diners. By making these observations silently and

discreetly, the student will be enabled, in a comparatively short space of time, to master the intricacies of the theory; but let him take especial heed, lest he venture, in an evil moment, to comment upon his observations before company; let it not fall to his unhappy lot to be the jeering stock of his fellow epicures, by making an untimely allusion to the secretion of a dainty morsel; let him rather, with profound respect for the secretion of the tit-bits, calmly and patiently await that happy period in man's existence, when his age and his experience have enabled him to take that position at his friends' tables which will give him fair scope for the exercise of his talents in the secret abstraction of the choicest morsels before him. And in looking forward to this blissful period in his existence, let him not be troubled by scruples which a few words will shew to be utterly without foundation; I mean scruples with regard to the propriety of taking to himself in a covert manner the best delicacies of the table. He must not imagine that he is acting a mean and undignified part: on the contrary, he may assure himself that he is displaying the profundity of his gastronomic acquirements, by means which custom has sanctioned, and which epicures tacitly acknowledge throughout the world. I would, however, caution the student against making rash ventures in these delicate manœuvres; for he must never lose sight of this fact—that though epicures will feign ignorance of his feat, any gross or palpable blundering in the matter will draw down upon him the everlasting ridicule of the company—in these strange times “that weep with laughing not with weeping.”

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THE ALDERMAN TO HIS BROTHER ALDERMEN.

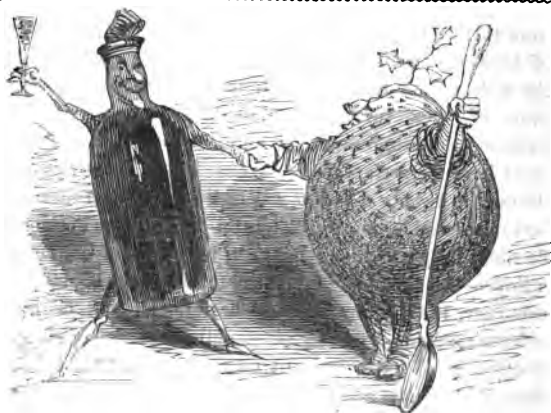
BROTHER ALDERMEN,—I have often objected, as an epicure, to the bill of fare provided for our annual banquet on the ninth of November. I object to it as being too substantial—more worthy of a society of butchers than of a corporation famed for its devotion to the kitchen. Now, what I have to propose is, that for the future, the Lord Mayor elect be required to shew the bill of fare of his inauguration banquet before he is allowed to canvass for the dignity of the Mayoralty. Let it be henceforth a rule with us to pay strict and conscientious regard to the elegancies of our banquet, that we may be enabled to take pride in asking to our board all the celebrated foreigners who may visit our shores; let our truffles be from the Perigord, our Stilton direct from Melton Mowbray. Let not our gastronomic affections be exclusively given to turtle; let us cast off the chains that have for so many years bound us to the soup tureen, and consent, with one accord, to divide our affections equally, and with honour to ourselves. Let us study *Soyer's Regenerator*; let us heroically try mutton basted with devil's tears, and on our knees do homage to *foie gras*. Let us resolutely determine to tear ourselves

from turtle ; let us shew to the world that the Aldermen of London can dine without sickening their guests with the sight of one thousand two hundred and thirty-five pints of "real turtle ;" let us give evidence of our gastronomic progress to an admiring country. If we must have forty-six capons on our board, let them be dressed in twenty different ways ; if eighty roast turkeys be indispensable, let the delightful bulbs of le Perigord be plentifully provided ; in short, let a man of genius—a Soyer—be called to our gastronomic councils, and let this year, 1849, be worthily celebrated—let that famous epicure's axiom—"quality not quantity"—be ever present in our minds ; let us in short do our utmost to maintain the high reputation which an indulgent country has magnanimously vouchsafed to us. Let our feasts be in truth "feasts of reason"—let the science of gastronomy yield its choicest gifts to our guests ; eschewing forty-six roast capons, let us solemnly proceed to masticate capons scientifically served : let us, in short, be stirring ; or we shall one day infallibly sink for ever in the estimation of our countrymen and of the world. Let our maxim be written in our banquetting hall—in letters of gold—

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY.



DECEMBER.



THE ALDERMAN'S
HINTS TO GASTRONOMIC STUDENTS.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ALDERMAN'S CHRISTMAS.

As an epicure, I have my objections to Christmas fare; as an Englishman, I love this good old time of feasting and friendship. Wage merciless war against your foe if you will, during the three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, but give the poor devil a day's peace on this annual holly-day.* Bums, and blood-suckers in wig and

* A miserable pun, which the printer persists in making.
—THE ALDERMAN.

gown, turn from your vocation on this one day, and refresh yourselves with a hearty taste of enjoyment; fasten your claws in your victim to-morrow if you insist upon it, but let him only feel the velvet of your feline paws to-day. Guardians of the poor, for this day wear a smile; give a ray of sunshine—just one faint, flickering ray—for a few brief hours to your hapless charge; remember for a brief twelve hours that you are our servants, and not their bondmasters. Lay by your needles; rest your weary hearts; throw aside with giant strength the weight of the past twelve months; strive not to read the mystic and foreboding future, ye pinched needlewomen; but turn to your humble and penurious friends—let your hearts, with huge endeavour, beat lightly for this one day: all England is making the mighty struggle to be glad—be not you behindhand. Need I counsel you, majestic brotherhood of the stomach, on your Christmas conduct? No! I feel a close affinity with you, and am satisfied that on such a day your talents will shine with transcendent lustre. But to my bachelor students I may be permitted to say a word on Christmas day. In their youthful enthusiasm for their gastronomic pursuits, they may be apt to be carried away by a false notion of what is due to themselves and to their brotherhood on this high festival. It may occur to them that they should be prepared to suffer martyrdom on this day in the great cause of gastronomy—that they should set aside relations and friends, and calmly weigh the relative merits of the entertainments to which they may be invited. Against so serious an error let me solemnly guard them. Be it my province to assure them, on the part of their epicu-

rean brotherhood, that on Christmas day—and on this day only—they must set aside their gastronomic prepossessions, and consent for a brief period of four-and-twenty hours to turn to their kin, without thought of the fare provided for them. On Christmas day the stomach humbly bows to the heart. Let them enshrine this truth in the tablet of their brain, and act upon it scrupulously and honestly. On Christmas day the gastronomic nature comes out with unusual lustre, for on this day the heart sways the palate, and the coarsest fare, savoured with kindliness, is swallowed with rare zest. I can honestly assert that this is so with me; that on Christmas day my heart warms to my friends more than to their wine; that on this day I can drink the vilest counterfeit of the grape, so it be softened and sugared with the friendship and open hands and faces of those who sit at my holly-decked board. If Selfishness must stalk abroad all the year round, let the hideous creature shrink into some hiding-place on Christmas day! We have ample time for cheating and maiming one another: let us then continue to set apart this day to universal friendship; let olive-branches, instead of bloody flags, wave from our church steeples; let us all claim one common brotherhood; let us all, in short, gather together in groups and make ourselves mirthful over the *Knife and Fork*—and look forward with eagerness to that of 1850, for I promise you one next year, and I trust a more polished one.

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

THE housewife is sadly inexperienced who cannot make a decent Christmas pudding : and the man is sorely to be pitied whose wife cannot properly direct the management of this delightful compound. A plum-pudding is a joy for ever. Other puddings are very well occasionally, but a plum-pudding is always a welcome dish to the epicure. It is, certainly, taken in a truly scientific light, the masterpiece of the British kitchen. We have no other dish that can be compared with it for a moment ; it stands alone—incomparable. I am not going to insult the wives of England by offering them a recipe for plum-pudding ; I simply wish to add my testimony to that of a grateful world in favour of this estimable pudding. Let me, however, in conclusion, warn my younger readers against the wrong done to gastronomic science by the presumptuous mortal who dares to swallow plum-pudding without fully, earnestly, and reverentially doing justice to its singular exquisiteness. No true epicure ever laughed over a plate of plum-pudding. Wishing all my readers the palate to appreciate, and the stomachs to digest this culinary masterpiece, I respectfully wish them adieu.

GASTRONOMIC RAMBLES ABOUT LONDON.

My rambles about London have not, let me assure the young and inexperienced epicure, been made in vain. I have visited every nook and cranny of this vast metropolis, and brought to light many of its obscure wonders. Nor has my attention been altogether confined to the gastronomic beauties of our capital, certainly not. I have made a point of exploring the colossal marts of the Moses and Hyams of this wonderful city; I have peered into the gigantic establishments of NUMBER ONE (the celebrated Number One); of Loader of Finsbury, Rippon and Burton, and of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, and I have made delightful journeys in the Pannus Corium of Messrs. Hall, of Wellington Street; but till now I have refrained from making my experience public. It has, however, been suggested to me, that a work like the present would be incomplete if it did not include a guide to the notable gastronomic establishments with which London abounds.

First on my list comes Soyer with his sauce—his piquant sauce for ladies, and his finely flavoured, full (if we may be allowed the expression) sauce for men! Nor are these sauces the only offerings this celebrated follower of Ude and Savarin has to make to an epicurean public: who has not borne delighted testimony to his Nectar? Have you, fellow epicure, ever mingled a little sherry with Soyer's nectar? if so, you have tasted the most delightful beverage ever presented, on a summer's day, to a thirsting mortal. Well, these offerings may be had in Rupert Street, Haymarket, at M. Soyer and Co.'s establishment; then, a short walk from Rupert Street, led me, one bright day, to Morel's, where I secured some splendid Curaçoa from Amsterdam, and some very fine Maraschino of Zara; and where the student may, let me assure him, always get liquors in perfection. Being in the neighbourhood I sauntered to the offices of the Cadiz Wine Company, in St. James's Street, where I sipped some very excellent sherry, which, as the managing director informed me, was marked at a very moderate figure. I was in a fit of gastronomic

enthusiasm on the day in question; and was determined to test the excellencies of the various wines offered for sale by London dealers; but before leaving St. James's Street, I took care (as I was about to visit my country cottage for a week or so) to order a few dozen of Bass's excellent India Pale Ale, of Messrs. Berry and Co. I then directed my steps towards the premises of Messrs. Hedges and Butler, in Regent Street. Here I was delighted with a few choice samples of some exquisite wine. Among others, let me recommend their Chateau Margeaux, Lafitte, Beaune, Johannisberger, and Assmanhausen—(a fine red Hock). In Piccadilly (as we are in the neighbourhood) let not the epicure neglect to pay a visit to Messrs. Gillat and Son, who have some splendid old Cognac Brandy; or, if he happen to stroll so far west, let him test the quality of the Marsala, kept by J. Jones, of Knightsbridge.

Epicures who have appetites for breakfast, or whose palate demands at this hour a savoury, yet not a rich dish, should try Townes' Rolled Ox Tongues, which may be bought at Townes' Establishment, Shaftesbury Terrace, Pimlico: I can cordially recommend them.

In Regent Street, the epicure may well pause to take into consideration the advantages of Lipscombe's Patent Filter; it is certainly the most effectual I have yet seen. Let the student pass on with me into Vere Street, Oxford Street, and note particularly the emporium where Lea and Perring's celebrated Worcestershire Sauce is made, and where the exquisite essence of coffee, and the dandelion coffee, are sold in great quantities. Or, if he be that way inclined—especially if he be of the City of London, he will go straightway to Berners Street—to the house of Messrs. Rannie and Co., to secure a jar of their Essence of Turtle.

I cannot accompany the student further; I am old, and cannot trudge onward with the briskness of youth; so I must e'en ask of an indulgent public to allow me to chronicle in due order, a few of the establishments whose scientific endeavours in promoting gastronomy, and adding to the refinements of the table, entitle them to the respectful attention of the epicure. For the year 1850 I promise a complete and well-digested tour.

Messrs. Slack's Purified Nickel Silver. (Excellent for the epicurean economist.)

M'Guffie's Punch Sauce. (A passable sauce.)

Edwards' Ginger Wine—Holborn Hill. (Excellent stomachic.)

Mansell & Co's Teas—Bucklersbury. (Excellent and cheap.)

Sassafras Chocolate—12, Southampton Street, Strand. (Good.)

Taylor's Meat Lozenges—Barclay and Sons, Farringdon Street. (Excellent for travellers at night.)

Table Covers—L. & M. Worms, Whitechapel Road. (The epicure's table-cloth should be faultless; I recommend those of Messrs. Worms.)

D'Oyleys of Wellington Street, Strand, are sufficiently known for their d'oyleys.

Decimal Palm Candles—Messrs. Palmer and Co., Sutton Street, Clerkenwell. (Light a dinner table capitally.) I also recommend the Camphine Lamps of Messrs. Young and Co., Queen Street, Cheapside, which never smoke, if treated with ordinary care, which is more than can be said of all Camphine Lamps.

Brett's Liqueur Ginger Brandy, is excellent on a winter's morning.

The *Black Tea* of Messrs. Phillips and Co., King William Street, City, is a very finely flavoured leaf.

Epicures should recommend their cooks to get Paul de Vere's Patent Concentrated Vegetable and Spice Essences, sold by Rowed of Tavistock Street, Covent Garden: they are excellently preserved.

Caveza Sherries, from Xerez de la Frontera—Lewis, Brothers, King William Street, City. (This is a very fine, pure Sherry.)

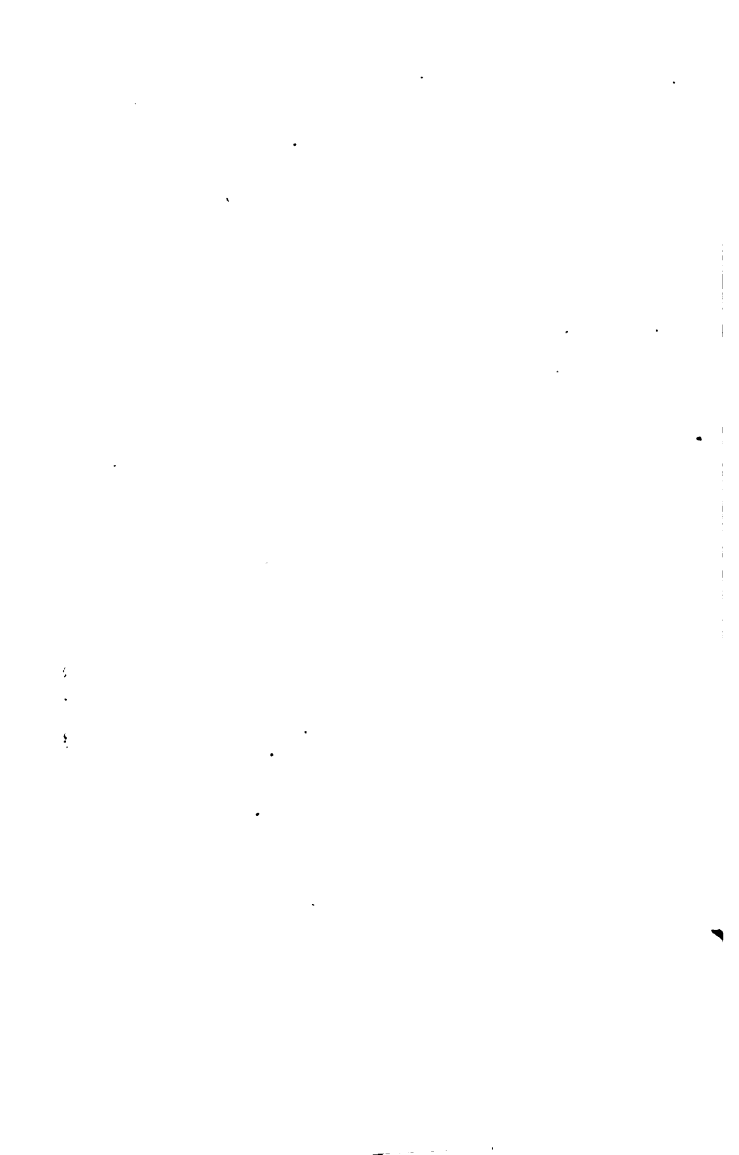
Gunpowder Tea—Pope's Warehouse, Pavement, Finsbury.

Harvey's Fish Sauce—E. Lazenby and Son, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Dinner Services of Stone China—Messrs. Brown, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross. (A celebrated matching house.)

Dinner Services—G. Sander, High Holborn.

Smoky Chimnies—(a most important point in the epicure's kitchen).—Green and Bentley's Syphon Chimney Pot, Upper George Street, Edgeware Road.



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